No. 232 (New Series). Vol. 5. August 29, 1936

The PASSING SHOW

2d.

Special Radio Number

SECRETS of WINTER BROADCASTS

5 COMPLETE STORIES

4 PAGES OF LAUGHTER

Radiolympia

AUGUST 26 *to* SEPTEMBER 5

11 a.m. *to* 10 p.m.

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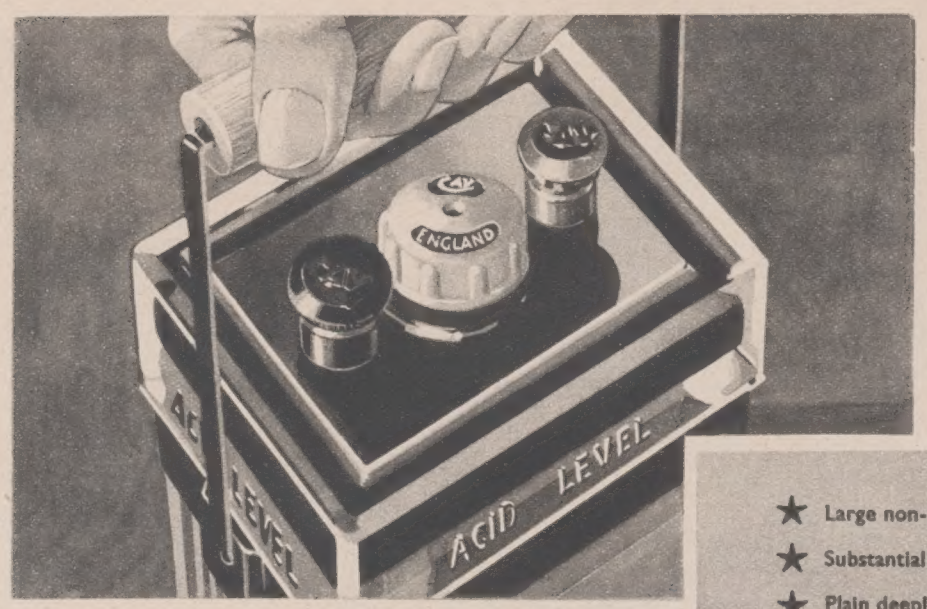

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FREE INSTANT RELIEF AND GUARANTEED COMPLETE REMEDY FOR SLIGHT OR SERIOUS CASES

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening and often dangerous complaint.

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It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide—one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew he was on the right track.

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Complete Riddance From Catarrh

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Now he has placed his discovery at the service of Catarrh victims all over the world. Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call public attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulæ with the results of his long and extensive experience of Catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reasons to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that his four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

Remarkable Free Offer

He will send to every Reader of this newspaper who applies on the Form at foot :—

1. A FREE Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases. He will also send :
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The Joy of Easy Breathing

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. The troublesome mucus in the throat will disappear. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

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Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for My Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

Passing Show, 29/8/36

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

The PASSING SHOW
No. 232. Vol. 5. AUGUST 29, 1936

They're preparing for Pantomime already at the B.B.C.

"The White Coons"—another winter attraction

Tod Slaughter will be back

YOU'RE NOW *going to* HEAR..

Henry Hall "In Town To-night"

Leslie Baily

REVEALS SECRETS OF THE B.B.C.'S PLANS FOR WINTER PROGRAMMES

VISITORS coming to Radiolympia include Broadcasting House in their sightseeing tour. They gaze at this severe white building with its hundreds of windows, and wonder what is going on within . . . occasionally a secretary, often quite pretty, may be seen powdering her nose at a window, or, if one is very lucky, one may catch Sir John Reith standing at his balconied window.

As Sir John looks into the future, he has the satisfaction of seeing another ten years of life guaranteed to the B.B.C., under a new Royal Charter, but much of the detailed planning for the immediate future he leaves to his lieutenants. If the sightseer had been privileged, as I have been privileged, to visit the offices of these lieutenants, he would feel that some pretty drastic changes and developments are afoot. New programme schemes come into force next month and in October.

Inquisitive visitors would find the new Controller of Programmes, Mr. Cecil Graves, in his room planning this reorientation, the main objects of which are to make afternoon and Sunday programmes more varied, to give more frequent news bulletins (five each evening), and to end the long tradition of dedicating the first hour or so of the National programme each evening to talks and "Foundations of Music."

In another office inquisitive visitors would find that gigantic Director of Outside Broadcasting, Mr. S. J. de Lotbiniere—who, at 6 ft. 7 ins., is reputed to ride down Portland Place to work on a bicycle!—planning to send the "wandering microphone" wandering yet farther afield. They would perhaps see appetising list of future features drawn up by Drama Director Val Gielgud, who looks rather like a Spanish buccaneer, or the new talks scheme of Mr. Rose-Troup. But he would not see the effervescent and celebrated Director of Variety, Mr. Eric Maschwitz, nor yet the B.B.C.'s distinguished Music Director, Dr. Adrian Boult, for these two have offices respectively at St. George's Hall and at Brock House, two adjacent blocks of property into which the B.B.C. has overflowed.

The present congestion within Broadcasting House will grow steadily worse. Development of programmes always necessitates more staff and more studio accommodation. So an immediate decision has been made about extending Broadcasting House. It will be increased in size by no less than 125 per cent., by building it a little more than as far again along Portland Place, to Duchess Street. Demolition of adjoining houses will start early next summer, and then the B.B.C. means to get a move on. The extension should be completed within 18 months.

The Greater Broadcasting House of the future will have the same architectural style as the present Broadcasting House, plus probably a high clock tower or some other decorative landmark. There will be a spacious roof restaurant. This will be more refreshing than the present canteen two floors below street level which is to become a boiler house in the new plans! Several basement studios will be constructed in the extension, while upstairs there may be a central core of studios, as in the old building, or alternatively one huge studio, the largest in the world. This has not yet been decided.

The B.B.C.'s own Civil Engineer, Mr. M. T. Tudsberry, is working out the main details, and later a distinguished architect will be called in. Such was the first scheme for expansion that I came across when, in the course of my tour of B.B.C. stations for the *Passing Show*, I came back from the provinces to London, to stroll around Broadcasting House.

I met Mr. Val Gielgud, burning with what he called a "tremendous intensification" of the sphere of broadcasting known as "feature programmes"; this is going to be one of the first programme changes.

"The output of feature programmes will be up by 50 per cent., starting in October," said Mr. Gielgud. The best way to indicate what is meant by "features" is to mention some of the ideas that Mr. Gielgud has in hand (not all of which, however, will be heard this year).

"Famous Detectives" will be a series of twenty-minute "snapshots" of Sherlock Holmes and other fictional crime-sleuths. "The B.B.C. at Work" will take listeners behind the scenes at Broadcasting House. "G.P.O." will similarly take the lid off the Post Office.

"Famous Fusses" promises to be an amusing anthology, for that clever writer, Herbert Farjeon, has been invited to write six features illustrating historical crazes—the first will be the story of the waltz craze.

"Tolstoy and His Wife" will be a sort of radio biography, compiled from letters and memoirs. "London Traffic" is a self-explanatory title. "The Last Days of Sail" will be broadcast on November 11, which I am told is the seventh anniversary of the disappearance of the last English sailing ship from the high seas.

Another sea subject, amusingly called "Whales and Whitebait," will consist of records actually made on board fishing-boats of contrasted types. "Pantomime at the Lane" will trace the history of Drury Lane Panto. "Coronel and the Falklands," tell me the story of the Anglo-German naval actions in 1914—has been compiled by the famous naval writer "Taffrail." It will be broadcast on November 1.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING *You're Now Going to Hear . .*

In expanding programmes in this direction the B.B.C. is steering a popular course; the brisk demand for "non-fiction" books in the libraries shows how increasingly interested the public is in this sort of thing. "Features" are, so to speak, the "non-fiction" books in the radio-dramatic library. But fiction, in the shape of radio plays, is not being neglected.

Three famous modern English dramatists whose names figure in Mr. Gielgud's fixture list are Noel Coward ("Cavalcade" will be broadcast again in October), J. B. Priestley ("Laburnum Grove" in November), and Clemence Dane who has made a radio version of Rostand's "L'Aiglon." Compton Mackenzie's romantic novel "Carnival," adapted as a radio play by Holt Marvell (alias Eric Maschwitz), is a special treat promised for Christmastide.

A striking illustration of the variety of tastes that the B.B.C. must try to please is provided by the fact that forthcoming radio plays range from the classical "Hippolytus" of Euripides to the opposite extreme of that blood-curdling melodrama "Sweeney Todd," with Tod Slaughter as the murderous barber!

How long can a radio listener be expected to concentrate on any one programme? This is a question to which B.B.C. chiefs have given a lot of thought lately. It is well known that Mr. Graves frowns on programmes, with rare exceptions, that last more than sixty to seventy-five minutes. He has cut the broadcasts of the Promenade Concerts this autumn down to about an hour each night. Mr. Gielgud is timing most of his plays to last an hour, or a little over, but his "feature" programmes will be much shorter, averaging around twenty minutes.

Similarly, Mr. Maschwitz's Variety Department is planning a whole lot of brief programmes. Ten to twenty minute "turns" by comedians and entertainers who will thus be starred on their own. This doesn't mean to say that variety programmes lasting an hour and including half a dozen acts are out of fashion. On the contrary, there are going to be more "Music Halls" than ever, which is perhaps the most popular news in all the B.B.C.'s present re-plannings.

Eric Maschwitz is also getting up steam for an autumn "drive." In fact, Mr. Maschwitz usually announces a "drive" of some sort at this time of the year. Last time it was a whirlwind campaign to make the "personality of the programme" count for as much in British radio as the personality of artistes, and during the compaign the ebullient Eric boosted into fame such programme titles as "Café Colette," "Saturday Magazine," "The Table Under the Tree," "Scrapbook," and "Red Sarafan." This time it is a musical play "drive."

Once a week during the autumn and winter there will be a musical comedy or light operetta on the air, ranging from favourites such as "The Vagabond King" to new shows specially written for the B.B.C., such as "The Three Cornered Hat," the music of which is being composed by Kenneth Leslie-Smith.

One thing I was especially glad about when I went to St. George's Hall and had a look at the Variety Department's diary is that the "White Coons" Concert Party is to broadcast every month. This is the result of the enthusiastic public approval of their occasional appearances during the summer. I must say for my own part that in fourteen years' pretty regular listening I have never heard a more consistently entertaining show, or a better teamed-up set of artistes, than Harry Pepper's "White Coons."

Dance music, contrary to some of the prophecies, is not going to be increased on the radio. There will be just about as much as there has been hitherto, divided usually into afternoon, mid-evening, and late evening sessions. Carroll Gibbons is marked out by the B.B.C. for special prominence. He is going to give a regular fortnightly session of rather a special type. Geraldo will put on a series of concerts entitled "Hit Parade," featuring current best-sellers in rhythmic music (this will take the place of his "Romance in Rhythm" programmes).

The most sensationally successful feature ever launched by the B.B.C.—"In Town To-night"—is due to return from its temporary summertime retirement on October 10, and in the same month Mr. Lauri Wylie will make his début as sponsor of a new series of revues, "The Wireless Puppets."

While I was over at St. George's Hall gathering these items of news I wandered from the offices there, where variety producers and planners and conductors were all sweltering at their desks, arranging programmes for next Christmas, I wandered away into the Hall itself.

Here the "Music Halls," and the musical comedies, and the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra's lively concerts, and so forth, are produced on the selfsame stage where rabbits came out of hats and damsels were cleft in twain. And indeed, as I entered that auditorium, a sound of sawing came to my ears and I wondered if I had been magically whisked back into my childhood . . . until I found that this hullabaloo came from a party of workmen who were busy installing here one of the B.B.C.'s new organs.

I say "one of them" because the B.B.C. seems to have "organitis" just now.

Three years ago an organ reputed to have cost £10,000 was put into the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House. Occasionally it is used for classical recitals, contemporary music concerts, and Sir Walford Davies's interesting "Melodies of Christendom" programmes; but when it plays the sound is apt to leak through to other studios in the building, to the embarrassment of other programmes. Also, it is essentially a "concert" instrument, possessing none of those extravagant noises that characterise the modern cinema organ.

So the B.B.C. is doing two things. It is buying a cinema organ for St. George's Hall, and it is buying a second "concert" organ, which is being installed down at Maida Vale (another auxiliary building of the B.B.C.), where even its loudest peals will not play mischief with the silence of Broadcasting House's studios.

The cinema organ will make its first broadcast in mid-October, when Reginald Foort and Reginald Dixon and all those other Kings of the Cinema Organ will be invited to play, and the Variety Department will also have a staff organist so that the organ may be used for variety shows or for providing incidental music for musical comedies or revues.

The Maida Vale organ comes under the Music Department and will be dedicated to more serious purposes. Perhaps I should explain that the Music Department is not responsible for all the music on the British radio; it looks after the serious side—the "classical," or "highbrow," call it what you will. Its Chief is Dr. Adrian Boult, who has trained and nurtured the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra so that to-day it is not only the largest orchestra in this country (119 players) but (as the great conductor Koussevitsky once remarked to me) it also ranks among the five finest orchestras in the world.

This season the Symphony Orchestra will have a new leader—Paul Beard in place of Arthur Catterall—and its most important engagements will be a series of Wednesday evening concerts at the Queen's Hall, from October to April. Dr. Boult will conduct half of them, and the other English conductors will include three old stagers—Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Henry Wood, and Sir Hamilton Harty—and a young newcomer to these concerts, Mr. Leslie Heward, the Director of the City of Birmingham Orchestra.

There will also be three foreign conductors: Ensermet, from Switzerland; Megelberg, of the celebrated Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; and Iturdi, a Spanish pianist and conductor. One detail of Dr. Boult's plans reveals a very human touch. He has arranged for one of the concerts to be virtually a Birthday Celebration in honour of Lionel Tertis, the great English viola player, who will be sixty in December.

One drastic change in musical programmes, is the abolition of "The Foundations of Music." This title has figured in B.B.C. programmes for more than ten years, during which time a feature admittedly of minority interest has "cornered" a valuable fixed period every evening of the week. That is to end. The tendency in every department of broadcasting to-day is against long series of any sort; permanently fixed times (for all but a few of the most important features) are similarly out of favour.

"Instead of the 'Foundations' daily at 6.30," an official of the Music Department explained, "there will be special musical programmes of varying lengths and at different times of day. But these programmes during each week will form a natural sequence. Thus, one week we might present the different aspects of one composer's work—his part songs one night, a string quartet the next, piano solos the next, and so on. Another week a particular 'school' or style of music might be serialised. We intend to find a new title to replace 'Foundations of Music' but it is rather difficult to hit the right note—*we don't want people to get the idea that this feature is as uninteresting as a fish on a slab.*"

The phrase, which I have italicised, is a symbol of a general spirit I found as I went from Department to Department in the B.B.C.; there is a more evident desire to please than I have ever known before, and more pains are being taken to arrange programmes in an appetising manner. Frankly, some of the changes I don't think I like, and I don't think they will succeed, but in the main a bold effort is being made and we should at least give Mr. Graves and his reforms a sporting trial.

The Music Department is having its "drive" too, and—typically of the new spirit—it is on the more popular side of the Department's activities—military and brass band music. Mr. Denis Wright, leading expert in that field, has been appointed assistant to Mr. B. Walton O'Donnell, and his job will be to make contact with bands throughout the country and to improve the repertoire of brass and military band concerts.

One essential exception to the new policy of fluidity in programme timings is the news. It is important, especially in these anxious days, that the public should know exactly when to expect the news. Here again, a great deal of thought has been given at Broadcasting House lately to the question of what the public wants. What are the ideal times for news? It has been decided that 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock on National, and 7 o'clock, 10 o'clock, and 11.30 on Regionals, are the best.

In addition, "Radio Gazette," a recorded "news reel" of the week, will be given each Saturday at 6.35 as an independent feature, instead of being part of "Saturday Magazine," as it was last winter. In addition there will be outside broadcasts of sporting and other news events. Mr. Lotbiniere, the Outside Broadcasting Director, wants to include some women's sport next winter. Most of all, he is keen on the novelty interest of short fifteen minute "flashes" from life—a lobster fisherman out at his pots, the Lord Mayor's Show, a broadcast from a monster starling roost. Such are some of his ideas.

But the most revolutionary impact of the Graves policy is to be seen in the sphere of talks. The old idea of B.B.C. programmes as a sort of university extension course has gone overboard. There are still a few "educational" talks, but fewer than ever before, and designed to appeal to a wider audience. Talks generally are to be more newsy, more entertaining, more controversial. Leading scientists will explain, on Tuesdays, latest happenings in the scientific world. There will be talks on "sea power" on Fridays, until November, when they will be followed by some controversial subject such as "Crime and Punishment" or "Foreign Affairs." "I Was There" will be a series of accounts of famous events (such as the sinking of the "Titanic") by people who were present, for Sunday evenings. Gardening and cinema talks will also be on Sundays.

"Young Ideas," the talks feature tried out last autumn and aimed at listeners of adolescent age, has been dropped. Instead there will be a thirty-minute programme called "The World Goes By" which will be like "In Town To-night" in that it will comprise a number of well contrasted speakers each talking for only a few minutes. It will be more serious than "In Town To-night," and that stress will be laid on the informative and controversial *subjects* of the talks rather than on the personality of the talkers. Some lively stuff is expected in this half-hour, and the B.B.C. will protect itself by saying that "The Editor takes no responsibility for the opinions of his contributors."

Such are the things they are planning behind the inscrutable façade of Broadcasting House—these are the things the pretty typist copies on to countless inter-departmental memos in the intervals of powdering her nose—these are the changes that Sir John Reith initials as he sits at his fine old mahogany desk in that balconied office over Regent Street. And down at Olympia the radio manufacturers of Britain are showing to the world the new receiving sets that will enable these programmes to be heard more realistically, more enjoyably, than ever.

Let us hope that as a result of all the mental energy that has been whirling around inside Broadcasting House and St. George's Hall and Brock House lately, the programmes themselves will also be better than ever.

Long Complete Story
by SINBAD

SOCKY went to Market

● The quartette played cards and drank from a squat jug of beer.

SOCKY was of that ancient breed of sailors which is fast dying out. He had served in the navy when ships were square-rigged and had little smokestacks that ran up and down like vertical telescopes and propellers that unscrewed and were hauled up into a well.

He had sailed the seas for many years after quitting the service. He was a complete sailorman; and like most of the complete sailormen of the olden time he had never quite grown up. At sixty-four he was as merry hearted, as childlike, as irresponsible as at fourteen.

On a gorgeous evening midway through a Bermuda May he sat contentedly in a big coiled hawser aboard the St. George's steamer coming up North Shore to Hamilton. He had three happy companions; the quartette played cards and court to a fat, squat jug of beer. Socky won a little. Next round he lost that. But his shining black face was alight with contentment.

"Glorious, glorious, a whole jug o' beer atween
the four o' us.
Praise be de Lawd there ain't any mo' o' us,
Fo' one o' us kin handle it all alone!"

He sang as they gathered in his few poor pennies, and his companions laughed.

"Sing, brudder," guffawed the big winner, who had won nearly ten shillings. "What yo' gwine tell old Betsy 'bout that pig, huh?"

Socky's happy face fell. That morning he had been sent out to buy a little pig. His thrifty old wife always contrived to buy a piglet in May, and by Christmas there was a fat hog in the sty. But this time Socky had fallen into bad hands. A steamboat lay all ready to start for St. George's; and there stood many of his closest cronies. They cajoled him. He resisted. They jeered him. Told him he was scared of old Betsy and her broom. He laughed good-naturedly; told them about the pig. They told him of pigs for sale down the East End, and he wavered.

"But I only got ten shillun," he faltered. "Can't buy no pig out o' whut's lef' after buyin' a ticket."

He watched sundry cases of soda pop going on board; also certain fat, squat jugs of pleasant suggestion.

"Come on. You kin win enuf fo' six pigs playin' cahds," they said.

And Socky, being the worst player in the world, plunged headlong at the flattery.

Now he was nearing home. He had been so happy too. At St. George's there had been no pigs at the price he could pay. And here they had to remind him that he must face old Betsy. Mercurially he recovered his spirits. No use making trouble beforehand. He helped to finish the jug and stole a bottle of flat ginger ale to take home as a peace offering.

The worst happened. Betsy had a soul above soda pop. Her eyes glittered when he presented himself, pigless, smiling, holding out his bottle of pop.

"Whar's dat pig?" she demanded.

Socky grinned, held the pop bottle nearer. She stood in the doorway, with her hand on the broom. Thunder squalls on the horizon.

"Dahling, that pig bust loose on the boat. Run lak the mischief. I go after——"

Betsy's eyes flashed fire. She picked up the broom.

"I chase that critter." Socky shifted uneasily from foot to foot, eyeing the broom. "That pig go clar through the hawsepipe into the sea, an' a shark et him."

Next instant he was running down to the harbour, arms wrapped about his head which rang to the lusty cracks of Betsy's broom-handle. When shortness of breath stopped the dear old lady in her tracks, Socky held right on his course, and her shrill voice followed him.

"Befo' yo' crosses this do' mat, yo' fotch home ten shillun or dat pig, yo' wuthless nigger! An' d' rent due to-morrer an' all! Yo' no 'count——"

The pop bottle splintered on the rocks beside him. Socky never stopped until he sat safely in a rowboat, cast loose from shore, afloat on the poppling, moonlit waters of the harbour.

Boatmen's lanterns sped over the calm water like fireflies. Socky soon recovered from his flutter and chuckled to himself as he reviewed events. He and Betsy had lived a very happy wedded life. He knew the dear old lady had only their welfare at heart. And now he had squandered ten shillings and lied to her about a miserable pig.

He dipped the oars. Rowboats were making shillings fast, ferrying folks from town to island and back. He would show Betsy that he could make good as well as make trouble. He bent over his oars chuckling. All his good humour returned. He sang.

Hoarse shouts broke into his song. He heard a roar of water, a crackling of steam as a whistle-cord was pulled. Then his boat was rolled over and over by the oncoming stem of a steamboat, and he was hauled out of the water by reaching hands.

"Whut's a matter wid you anyway Socky Adams?" they railed at him while the steamer gathered speed again. "Ain't yo' ben 'roun' de water long enuf to take keer o' yo'se'f?"

Socky stood gazing in awe at the scattered wreck of the boat. It was not his boat. He had borrowed it. He would have to earn a lot more than ten shillings now.

"How fur yo' goin'?" he asked, shivering.

"Grassy Bay, wid stores fo' a steamer whut goin' to sea."

Socky sought the man in charge of the stores, and asked for a job helping to ship them.

"All right. Five shillings for the job," the man said.

"I got to have ten shillun. Mus' have ten shillun," said Socky.

But there were no ten shilling jobs. The stores boat arrived alongside a tall steamship, whose decks were brightly lighted, whose steampipe was showing the white feather. The stores man clambered aboard, and presently returned to supervise the slinging. He saw Socky.

"Here, you. Hop aboard there and get down into the freezer. Unsling the stuff, and check it. Go on, hurry up. The ship's bound to sea."

"Ten shillun?" bargained Socky.

"Yes, yes. Hurry up."

Socky shivered and sweat in the chamber. The job was done, and his ten shillings were assured. What did he care for the bitter cold that turned the sweat chilly upon him. He wiped his face and climbed up the iron ladder. At the mid-grating the butcher stood, a man of his own colour and kind.

"Here, brudder, take a pull on this," he told Socky, and proffered a bottle of ruby rum that tasted like music blown in glass.

It warmed his old bones. It made his heart sing. To go home full of such pleasant warmth, and with ten shillings in pocket to boot; of course, there was the boat.

"Pull again, brudder," said the butcher.

Socky pulled, bade his friend a kindly farewell and sprang up the rest of the ladder like a youngster. At the rail he stared, then raised his lusty old pipes in earnest:

"Ahoy! Yo' lef' me bahind! Ahoy, aho-oy!"

But the stores boat was already a speck, speeding back to the city. Socky had been an extra hand, an unexpected one; in the hurry of getting clear they had forgotten him. And the steamer was passing seaward.

Socky found his butcher friend again and told him the bad news.

"Take a pull on this, brudder. Ah'll see whut Ah kin do," said the friendly butcher.

Socky felt less apprehensive about his return home by the time the butcher came back. The rum was good. It went to his heart.

"Steward sez yo' all kin wuk yo' passage 'longa me," the butcher said, salvaging the remains of the rum.

"I got to have ten shillun," stipulated Socky.

"Yo' git yo' vittles and bed. Tha's all Ah know.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING SOCKY *went to* MARKET

Ef yo' wants wages, yo' better see de captin."

Socky saw the captain. If there was any vacancy coming back, he would be put on wages. For the present he was only a stowaway. He could work in any department he liked. That was a concession. But then, every sea captain who visited Bermuda knew of old Socky, knew of his sterling worth, knew he could kill a sheep or cook it, make a rope or use it, row a boat or steer a ship.

"I got to earn ten shillun, sir," quoth Socky.

"Coming back, perhaps," the captain told him.

Socky forgot his troubles. By the middle of the first day out he had elected himself bosun's mate with a roving commission, and none bothered him, for what his fingers touched became better for the touching. His happy old face shone again. Shrewdly, he was at pains to keep in with the butcher and to make friends with the pantryman. A wee nip of rum and a bit of cabin food were the reward. He had just been filled. Everything was rosy. With the beautiful irresponsibility that characterised him he had forgotten all about Betsy, the pig, the boat, the ten shillings—everything except the present.

"Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Under de cocoanut tree."

He sang the old Demerara plantation love song in a clear tenor; and back from the third-class passenger deck came the refrain, surprisingly:

"Oh, no, not mine, dahling.
Oh, no, not mine, dahling.
Oh, no, not mine, dahling.
Under de cocoanut tree."

Socky's song was curtailed. That song and its refrain had been a link between him and Betsy for long years. He would sing it while far out on the harbour, hauling fishpots; and always Betsy would give him back the refrain. Now an unseen passenger had taken up Betsy's part; in a fine voice, too, with a ring of youth in it; but it only served to remind old Socky of Betsy. If the singer had hoped it might serve a more intimate purpose the hope was stillborn.

Next day Socky was singing as blithely as ever. The chief mate glanced once at the work he was doing and thereafter left the happy negro to himself. It was sailorman's work, and sailormen were scarcer every voyage. He would tell the captain about Socky. They would make a job for him coming back. A quartermaster told Socky of hearing the chief officer plead his case; told him they would sign him on, with wages. For the rest of the day Socky's fingers refused to stay on the job; they snapped briskly like castanets, keeping time to his singing.

"Betsy, I shorely goin' to bring yo' pig home this time!" he howled skyward as he put away his work and went to see the butcher.

One orange-tinted dawn a ship was sighted. Nearer approach unfolded the first pages of an ocean story. Apart from the rarity of the rig itself in the deep waters, the brig in sight forced investigation by its condition.

"Abandoned?" muttered the captain.

"Don't see any boats, sir," said the chief officer.

"Seems in good shape, though. Good mind to look her over,"

"Think there's pestilence, sir?" The mate was cautious.

"Easy to find out. That brig looks to me like a salvage plum. Send the third officer over."

The boat was lowered, and Socky was first man in it. Dimly, far back in his memory, he had recorded tales of salvage at sea. Salvage was, to him, an unknown luxury, like finding ambergris. But as he recalled those tales, it was something earnestly to be hoped for. Even foremast hands shared in the recovered treasure when a ship and cargo were found at sea and carried to a safe haven.

Socky was too simple to know or care that a stowaway did not count when salvage came to be discussed. But in his heart he nursed the hope that some crumbs of the salvage might fall to him.

He was first to hook on to the brig, first on board with the boat-painter in his hand. And as he leaped from the bulwarks to the deck he yelled:

"Glory! Mus' be a Po'tigee cattle-boat, sir! Hyah!" In a moment he leaped back to the rail, wide-eyed. "A deck-load o' pigs, sir, an' all crazy!"

The third officer climbed up beside him and looked down upon a swarming, grunting, jostling horde of poor-looking hogs. The decks were filthy. Over against a heap of brine-soaked staves and brass hoops that had once been a harness-cask, a suggestive smear of greasy red hinted at hungry hogs turned cannibal.

There was no apparent reason for the abandonment of the brig. All papers were gone; there were no chronometers, nor other instruments except a pair of parallel rulers and some rusty dividers. The brig was well preserved; she had not been abandoned more than, at most, a week or ten days, judging from the condition of some coffee-grounds in a pot in the pantry. The hatches were fastened. The condition of the sails indicated that the abandonment had been methodically carried out.

"Go forward along the rail and dangle your legs," the officer told Socky. "Don't let 'em grab you. I want 'em out of the way while I peep into the hold."

With Socky, as bait, the pigs rushed forward grunting and fighting, tusks clashing savagely. They were ravenous for food; that was evident. The officer leaped to the deck, keeping a wary eye on Socky, and soon opened a corner of the main hatch. The examination was brief, the cargo easily identified. By arm semaphore the officer signalled to the steamer that the Cape Verde brig *Julia*, with wine in casks and a deck-load of hogs, appeared to be in good condition; no apparent reason for abandonment. The answer came back. A crew would carry the brig to port. The boat was to return for the salvage officer and crew.

"I'll stan' by here 'til the boat comes back," offered Socky eagerly. He was afraid he might be taken out of the crew if he went to the ship. "I got no clothes to get anyhow, sir," he grinned.

He need have had no fear.

"Let him go," the captain agreed. "He's a good sailorman. He'll be as good as a mate. Won't cut in on the salvage, either. Give him something, of course, but nothing like a full share. Lucky to get anything."

The steamer ploughed on her course. The brig swung her foreyards, the five men and the officer hauling braces from rails and fiferails and dodging the clashing tusks of the famished hogs. Then the problem was how to clear the decks, so that men could work ship safely, and to find food for man and beast. Under the cabin in a tiny lazarette potatoes and onions made their presence known.

"Feed 'em spuds," said the officer. "Pigs like spuds."

Socky hoisted up potatoes and carried them. None of the other men would go near the squealing pigs.

"Let the nigger do it," they said. "He ain't got no right here anyhow."

Socky filled a mess-kid with raw potatoes, then watched his chance to run and dump it on deck. He skipped back with eyes wide and feet stepping high; and the officer stared in astonishment at the scene that ensued. The three other seamen who were not at the helm approached with doubtful faces. A black mass of pigs charged the potatoes. Two razor-backed boars started fighting as a result of the collision. In thirty seconds the whole pack were rending and tearing at each other.

"Good Lord!" gasped the officer.

"Good God!" echoed a seaman.

And all turned a wistful eye towards the feather of smoke under which the vanished steamer sped from them.

By noon Socky had solved part of the problem. While the officer was busy in the captain's cabin with chart and rulers, Socky opened the lazarette hatch and hauled up a sack of potatoes, dumping them loose on the saloon floor. Then he peeped through the main-deck ports, saw that the pigs were forward and flung open the forward door, making a hurried exit himself by way of the companionway. Presently an inquisitive hog poked his snout inside the saloon, sniffed the rich aroma, and entered grunting. Soon the last hog was inside. Softly Socky nipped down the poop ladder and slammed shut the forward door.

"Hyah! Thar's pigs in clover fo' you!" he howled, snapping his fingers. "Bet yo' never wuz shipmates wi' pigs in the cabin befo', brudders!"

The man at the wheel grinned. He and his mates appeared to appreciate what had been accomplished. It warmed the old fellow's heart to see them smile.

"'s all right," said one. "How's Mister Jones goin' to get out?"

Mr. Jones got out by way of the skylight that time. But it was beneath his dignity. As soon as he had set a course for Bermuda and trimmed the brig's sails to the quartering wind, he cast about for some more suitable pen for the pigs. Socky had roamed all over the brig since clearing the decks. He had started a fire in the galley stove.

"Where is he now?" the officer wanted to know.

"Gone for'ard, sir," said the helmsman. "I see him lift the cover of the longboat 'midships there.

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWARD OSMOND

● Socky ran to look over the side. The boat, half full of water, was just thrusting clear.

He took something out, then went to the foc'sle with it."

At the forecastle door the officer was almost capsized by a lean, agile pig darting between his legs, squealing lustily. Grabbing for a flying hind leg, Socky plunged by.

"Hyah! Come on heah, yo' critter!"

Seeing the officer, he grinned, but held on to the pig.

"I foun' this one in the longboat, sir. 'Most stahved, he wuz. Well brung up pig, he is. Tuhn up his nose at the foc'sle, he do."

"Don't blame him!" gasped Mister Jones, sticking in his nose and promptly sticking it out again.

"I jes' takin' a look to see ef 't wuz fit fo' us men to sleep in, sir."

"It isn't. It'll have to do for the pigs, though. We must get 'em out of the cabin."

"That ain't easy," said Socky.

He picked up his pig, stuck it under his arm, and carried it again to the longboat.

"Yo' stay thar, Brudder Snowflake, an' don' yo' git squealin' fo' them other hawgs. They ain't yo' class."

The longboat had been neglected, as a boat. It was painted fast to the chocks, and the seams were open. Inside were signs to indicate that it had been used as a pig pen, perhaps for the isolation of particular pigs doomed to fattening and death.

Socky tossed some potatoes in to his pig and put his wits to work on the problem of moving a hundred savage hogs out of cabin accommodations into a sailor's forecastle. No self-respecting hog would agree to such a shift. He was glad his own pig had refused to live there. Snowflake was intended for better things, under the maternal eye of Betsy.

The brig sailed fast through smooth seas, and Mr. Jones wondered again and again why the crew had abandoned her. Much money, perhaps promotion, too, would accrue when he anchored the *Julia* in a safe harbour. The seamen were happy. Socky was cooking for them; Socky was contriving a decoy to get the pigs forward; Socky was doing all the hard, unpleasant work; and Socky could claim no share in their salvage.

"I got it, sir," reported Socky, about eight bells. "I put a tub o' taters jes' outside the cabin door, with a long line to it. I stan' for'ard with the line, an' when one o' the sailors opens the door quick, I haul on the line an' the pigs will sure foller that tub o' taters clar into the foc'sle. Then somebody run up, an' shut the door o' the foc'sle, while I git out through the skylight like yo' did out of the captain's cabin."

The pigs squealed and fought underfoot in the cabin.

"Who's goin' t' open the door?" a seaman wanted to know.

"I'll do it myself," said Mr. Jones. "Go ahead, Socky."

Socky took his rope and stood beside the foremast. After a precautionary peep through the main-deck ports, the officer flung the door open and jumped for the ladder. It was some moments before the first pigs appeared, but when they saw the tub of potatoes they rushed for it, and the rest followed, with such a squealing, a grunting, a red-eyed fury and clashing of teeth that even Mr. Jones shuddered.

The frenzied pigs had foam flecks about their jaws. They were lean and swift of foot. All bore hideous scars on shoulder, side or flank—scars of combat.

"Mad, too!" growled a seaman. "Look at that son of a gun!"

A bristling, foaming boar with tusks as long as a man's fingers leaped ahead of the pack like a deer, overturned Socky's tub, and in an instant the scheme had gone aglee. The pigs fought over the scattered tubers amidships, Socky was marooned forward, while the cabin main-deck doors were still open with the deck alive with fighting hogs. Those pigs must have been half wild at the beginning of the voyage; a week or more of starvation had driven them crazy.

"That door must be closed, or they'll get into the cabin again," said the officer, and went down the ladder himself.

"Look out, sir!" yelled Socky.

The officer, confused, uncertain where to look, was aware only of a rushing black shape behind him. For an instant he was uncertain whether to go inside or jump for the poop ladder; and in that instant a slavering boar caught him and ripped his thigh with an upward slash of tusks already red.

By eight bells in the first watch Mr. Jones' thigh was swollen and looked bad. Socky stood at the wheel after feeding his shipmates, who hovered around the officer as he sat on the skylight trying to dress the wound with the poor materials at hand. The pigs lay about the dark decks, snoring, grunting, snuffling in uncertain sleep.

"Looks bad, that do," remarked one seaman.

"P'isoned, likely," said another.

"Shut up!" snapped Mr. Jones irritably. "Get me more clean salt water."

A jib-sheet parted in the darkness forward. The sail flogged.

"Go and secure it," said Mr. Jones.

But the sail was permitted to thrash itself to tatters.

The men did not sleep. When time came to relieve the wheel, nobody offered. The brig ran on through the night without side lights. Socky stood his long trick, heedless of the passage of time. His thoughts were far away. He could see old Betsy with her broom; but the broom was flung aside as he stepped ashore bearing a fine little pig. He did not let his mind dwell upon salvage. That was to be the grand surprise, after Betsy had put the pig into a sty. He was happy.

"Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar wuz yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Under de cocoanut tree."

He hummed the old song softly. Almost he could hear Betsy's mellow voice take up the refrain.

"Stow yer silly clack!" growled the seaman who should have relieved him at the helm. "Can't you see Mr. Jones is sick?"

"Take the wheel an' let me turn in, then," said Socky. "Ef I got to keep awake all night, I gwine to sing fo' comp'ny."

"Yes, yes!" from the officer. "What sort of business is this, letting a man stand double tricks?" He stood up, limping around to try to restore circulation in his leg. "It burns like fire!" he muttered.

The men grumbled. The brig was bad luck. They ought to leave her.

In the early morning Mr. Jones was moaning. His leg was shockingly inflamed and suppurating.

"Ought to leave her!" persisted the men.

"Them other fellers was chased out by them pigs, I bet!"

"If we stops, they'll eat us, 'stid of' chasin' us out!"

"Carry on!" answered Mr. Jones.

Daylight came again, and the pigs rooted around seeking food. Mr. Jones propped himself against the companionway and took an observation as soon as the sun rose high enough, using his watch, which he had checked by the steamer's chronometers.

When the brig's position was ascertained, only lacking the noon check, Socky brought all the cooked food he could carry. As they ate all together on the poop, they watched the terrible pigs. Suddenly, a gaunt, leggy sow fell over, feet up, frothing at the mouth, her eyes upturned, bloodshot. The pack rended her.

"Hell! Those pigs have some sort of disease!" gasped Mr. Jones.

"Sure they have!" retorted the seaman nearest. "I told you that leg o' yours is p'isoned. Ought to quit her. That's what I say."

"Me, too!" chimed in another.

Mr. Jones said nothing. His face was white with pain.

It was useless to order a man to do more than relieve the helm. Luckily the breeze was steady. Mr. Jones took a noon observation, and when he had pricked off the place on the chart he collapsed. The men grumbled mutinously. Socky worked at a new contrivance for the subjugation of the pigs, but he received neither attention nor assistance. Straddling the lee rail, he rode along until he came immediately over one of the square ports. He hooked it up outside, leaving an aperture two feet by three. Darkness halted the work, but Socky was jubilant.

"Tomorrer we give them pigs a swim." he reported.

"Aw, shut up!"

Socky fed his pig in the longboat and took the helm for a trick that lasted until midnight.

"He's only a dam' nigger anyhow!" they said.

When at length they grudgingly relieved him, he curled himself in a corner and slept happily.

At dawn, Mr. Jones' leg was so painful and so ugly that the men all gathered about him.

"Ought to leave her," they persisted.

"You'll lose that leg."

(*continued on page* 10)

CONTINUING SOCKY *went to* MARKET

"I'll sail this brig to port!" he snapped.

Mr. Jones tried to stand. He could not. The men, talking in low tones, hung about the boat that had brought them from the steamer. A speck of light had danced briefly on the horizon just before dawn; a steamer. If only it were coming toward them!

"There it is!" muttered one. "There! It'll pass within half a mile."

They told Mr. Jones. He groaned, shaking his head.

"Shall we lower?" they asked.

"If you touch that boat I shall report you for mutiny!"

"Is it, matey? Is it mutiny?" whispered an uneasy seaman in the leader's ear.

"It's takin' care o' number one!" snarled the man, and slacked off the davit fall. "I ask you, sir, are you coming?"

"No! I order you to make that boat fast."

"Then be damned if I'll answer for what happens to you! Lower away, boys. That steamer's passing!"

Mr. Jones hauled himself to the wheel as the boat slipped into the water. His face was white. He hoped the boat would be capsized in the wash of the speeding brig. He heard a voice asking about Socky. Another voice cursed the questioner; said it was best to leave the damn nigger. He would only tell tales anyhow.

Mr. Jones opened his mouth and bawled Socky's name at the top of his voice. The old negro burst from the galley and scrambled monkey-like along the rail, certain that the young officer was dying and needed him.

"They're quitting!" Mr. Jones gasped, turning his heavy head towards the rail. "Go on! Save yourself!"

"Me? I ain't gwine leave!"

Socky ran to look over the side. The boat, half full of water, was just thrusting clear. Mr. Jones again summoned breath to rasp out:

"Go on, push off! There's nothing for you here! There won't be any salvage for you as long as I'm alive. You never signed on as a member of the crew. And I'm not going to die to please you!"

Socky stepped back from the rail, his shining face troubled as he gazed at the suffering man so gamely trying to steer the brig.

"Bless you, sir, I ain't gwine desert no hurted man. Sho' enough you ain't gwine die. I don't know nothin' about salvage, nudder. Ef you says I ain't got no claim, then I ain't. But dawggone ef I ain't gwine save jes' one o' dem dawgs for ol' Betsy, salvage or no salvage!"

Socky went back to his galley after watching the boat until it had almost reached the steamer. There was no indication that the steamer wished to look the brig over. The deserters no doubt told a good tale. Socky made coffee and took it to Mr. Jones.

"Ef you kin manage to steer, sir, I'll soon have them hawgs whar they belong."

As the old negro straddled the rail, working on his pig trap, curious little shivers rippled down his back and crinkled his scalp under the grizzled wool. The hogs rooted and snuffled very close to his bare toes. The very water gurgled suggestively as it slipped past the smooth hull. It laughed at him through the open port. Every block and sheave squealed like a litter of piglets; the sound almost scared him off the rail. Twang of braces, jangle of chain sheets, the whipping crack of the tattered jib far out on the jibboom, all these familiar sounds of a ship at sea were distorted into fiendish voices in the ears of the old negro.

"Yo' promised to marry me then, dahling,
Yo' promised to marry me then, dahling,
Yo' promised to marry me then, dahling,
Under de cocoanut tree."

He tried to bolster up his courage, but the song had a quaver in it. His kinky hair crawled, tightening the skin. He thought of the injured man at the helm, wondered if he were still steering. The crazy hogs squealed and fought. In a fierce whirlwind scrimmage some flecks of foam spattered Socky's feet.

"Jes' a little while, brudders," he muttered, and drew up his legs.

Just before noon he had finished his contrivance. He visited Mr. Jones, found him white of face, with tight lips and glittering eyes, steering with grim courage.

"Bring my sextant!" the sick man muttered; then: "Hold me so I can see the horizon."

Socky waited until the observation was worked up and the brig's place pricked off on the chart which he brought. Then, with a keen glance at the officer's face, he hurried to clear out the pigs.

Outside the open port he had rigged a little platform, a board, with two pieces of small timber butting against the ship's side leaving a space between the sill of the port and the edge of the platform just wide enough to accommodate a pig. On the board was nailed a wooden tub full of steaming mashed potatoes, rich and full of aroma. Then, when he had armed himself with a four-foot handspike and resumed his perch on the rail, he raised the port which he had shut while placing the bait.

"Dinner's ready, yo' hawgs!" he yelped, and the pigs came, jostling and fighting, squealing in the reek of the hot food. The first paused in the opening. Socky whacked the brute over the rump with his club. There was a leap, a scramble, and piggy plunged into the bubbles slipping astern.

In half an hour the last mad pig had vanished, and Socky took the untouched potatoes to his own pet in the longboat. Then he started to clean some of the filth from the brig's decks.

While taking Mr. Jones his supper, Socky noticed with some uneasiness that the breeze had hardened. The courses hung in the buntlines as they had been left by the original crew, but they were beginning to flog heavily. They ought to be tied up; furling was out of the question. One man might clew up and furl a royal alone, or even a topgallantsail; but a course was too much.

"Ought to take in sail, sir," Socky suggested.

"Let it blow off her," muttered Mr. Jones, grinding his teeth in pain. Socky then saw that none of the supper had been eaten. "Who's going to take it in?"

"Sho' is a job," agreed Socky soberly.

He was more concerned with the officer's condition. The wind might shorten sail for the brig, but it could not navigate. The sprays flew. Now and then a sea lifted up and poured in through the open port. One gurgling comber swept away the pig trap.

"You jes' sit still an' let me look at yo' laig," said the old negro.

He took his knife and slit the clothing, laying bare the ghastly laceration. He knew nothing of medicine or surgery, but, like most negroes, he had imbibed much lore of a sort from his old mammy. Whatever had been the trouble with the brig's deckload of hogs, their teeth carried poison. Mr. Jones' leg was swollen to twice its size, a puffy, nasty-coloured swelling that already had a bad odour.

Socky brought hot water and a pile of sea-biscuit. From the cabin he fetched a sheet. Holding his knife in the hot water for several minutes, he keenly watched the sufferer's face. The glittering eyes held steadfastly on the compass. Mr. Jones gave no sign that he knew what Socky was doing until the knife cut deeply into his flesh. Then he shifted his gaze until he looked Socky straight in the face.

"That's the only way you'll get any salvage, by murdering me!" he gasped, and fainted dead away.

Socky got up, lashed the helm, and returned to his task. The unjust words hurt him. He muttered protestingly as he worked, as if the sick man could hear. He cut a cross in the flesh, deep and long; cut until the blood flowed free and fresh. Then he washed it, pressed it, dashed salt water into every part of it, and was glad the patient was unconscious.

Mr. Jones partly opened his eyes once, felt the terrific pain, and swooned again. Socky chewed up hard tack, moistening the flinty biscuit first in hot water, for he had no teeth. The wind increased; the restrained courses thundered full of wind. He could do nothing. Socky gave them one glance and chewed on.

It took him an hour to prepare his poultice, and Mr. Jones was thoroughly awake before it was clapped on. The seas rose. One rumbling crest toppled over the bulwarks and nearly floated the longboat, filling it with water through the yawning cracks.

"Good Lawd, don' drown ol' Betsy's pig!" prayed Socky.

He steered, while Mr. Jones dozed. By midnight the brig laboured in a heavy sea that swept her continually. She was overpressed with sail. Socky listened to the sounds of cracking gear in the blackness aloft, his lips moving wordlessly, his childlike soul offering prayer. In the darkest hour of the morning watch the fore royal blew away, and lashing the wheel again, old Socky manfully hauled to brail in the spanker.

The brig sheered wide, almost broached to, while the heavy sail flogged. Between wheel and sail the heart of Socky was all but broken. He could do no more. He saw the white foam of a great sea that curled aboard and filled the waist. The longboat floated clear of the chocks, the lashings burst, and he darted down into the hurly burly to rescue old Betsy's hog.

He ran up the poop ladder with the squealing pig in his arms and saw Mr. Jones half-erect at the helm, with one arm outflung; Socky's tired old eyes flashed at the sight of a steady, clear white light that sat like a lantern of hope right in the midst of the leaping seas.

"Dawggone! That's ol' David's Head!" he yelled. "Hyah, pig, thar's yo' home!"

"Have to haul up!" cried Mr. Jones, forcing his tottering legs to hold him. "Can we haul out that spanker again?"

"Yo' steer! I can haul out ten spankers!"

Socky cast off the brails and laid hold of the outhaul. He sang as he hauled; then cut short the song and laughed happily—

"Dawggone ef I didn't fergit I ain't got no share in the salvage!"

He hauled, and Mr. Jones steered. The sick man started to say something; but the brig's headlong motion as she came on a wind wrenched him beyond words. He clung to the helm grimly.

They brought the brig into St. George's harbour and beached her. Folks awoke in the morning wondering how she got there. The health officer came and promptly took Mr. Jones off to the hospital.

"Whoever plastered you with chewed bread saved you a leg, old chap!" the doctor said.

Socky stayed until an old crony was found to keep watch aboard the brig; then with his precious pig under his arm he took the stage to Hamilton. At Hamilton he took rowboat and sat in lordly pride while the boatman pulled him over the harbour to his little cottage. Other boatmen hailed him; having heard rumours of rich salvage.

"How about dat rowboat you busted f' me, brudder?" laughed a passing darky.

Socky waved his hand, nodding.

Fifty fathoms away from his home Socky lifted the pig to show it the beautiful sty it was to live in. Old Betsy was there on the rocks, leaning on her broom, her comely face alight with joy. The pig twisted, squealed, squirmed loose and leaped from Socky's arms into the sea. Socky laughed.

"Right home he goes! Dawggone!"

Then his glad yell was hushed. He almost upset the boat. A long, lean grey shape darted up out of the depths, turned over, showed a dirty white belly, and a yawning maw opened and closed upon the swimming pig right in sight of old Betsy's eyes.

"My Lawd, ol' woman, you seen me lose dat one!" Socky cried as he stepped ashore and mournfully greeted Betsy. "Dawggone, you got to believe I brung dat one mos' home anyway!"

He seemed to dread the broom she leaned on. She threw it away, flung her comforting arms about his bowed neck, and glued her warm, glad lips to his.

"You git inside an' eat yo' vittles," she laughed and cried in one. "Don' yo' ever go buyin' pigs no mo'. Ef yo' ain't the longest-winded critter. Set down, do! Whut do we care fo' a pig? An' you folks kin git out o' dat do' way. Drat you, Socky Adams! You bin 'most a month gittin'dat pig, an' lose it right befo' my eyes! Eat some mo' codfish, honey."

There were people outside, white folks, who were insistent on speaking with the returned wanderer. Betsy kept them all outside. They tried to enter. She shut the door. They spoke through the window, She closed that and drew the shade.

"Them lawyers ain't up to no good," she said, pushing dishes before her man. "Such nonsense! That feller's talkin' a mess o' words about lookin' after yo' share in de brig. Says we kin very soon have a pig sty es big es Princess Hotel, an' es full. They can't fool ol' Betsy. No, sir! I don't believe in dreams. Heah, try a mite mo' o' that hash, dahling. Yo' ain't no dream, is yo, honey?"

While two lawyers sauntered away smilingly telling the neighbours they would soon have to say "Sir," to old Socky, Betsy filled her tiny cottage with song, caring nothing about salvage, knowing nothing of it; sure only that she had her man again, and her glistening eyes told how glad she was.

A. R. LINDT

the explorer continues his journey through Liberia—the jungle kingdom still ruled by Black Men and still at the mercy of witchcraft

A friendly medicine man and his two servants followed us as we trekked through the forest.

Werewolves *of the* TROPICS

THE cool, effervescent bamboo-wine had refreshed me. I handed the cup to the chief and rose to go. The village elder glanced up at me. "Night is falling," he said. "It is wiser to shun the bush when once the sun has set." My servant Kani followed me hesitatingly, against his will.

It was still twilight in the village, but in the jungle darkness lowered. Usually night is silent in the Liberian bush. But to-day everything seemed bewitched. My cook Kaikai had fallen behind on the march, and although Kani and I had retraced the morning's route, we had not found him.

To-night even the bush was enchanted. Screech-owls wailed mournfully, flying-foxes barked, the mocking cry of the lemur echoed among the trees. The murmur of invisible waterfalls rose from deep hidden dales.

Suddenly from the depths of a valley came a blood-curdling sound which I had never heard before, a hoarse, gurgling scream, like the cry of a strangled man.

"Baboons," said Kani, but I noticed that his voice trembled. I longed for my guns. When I had set off in search of Kaikai I had left them with my wife, who was waiting for us with the carriers in the next village. At last between the dark boughs glimmered far-off lights.

"Thank God," gasped Kani.

"Damn," said I. The lights swarmed upwards, sank, danced twinkling here and there. Fireflies. The baboons screamed again, their haunting cry more ghostly and more tortured than before. I looked back. Kani was engulfed in darkness, and his bare feet made no sound.

"Kani!" I called.

"Yes?" Even so short a word stuck in his throat.

"Why are the baboons crying?"

He made no answer, then at last: "I think the Leopard-men hunt to-night."

We reached the village at midnight, without having felt the claws of the Leopard-men upon our throats. We were still anxious for Kaikai, till he too turned up safe and sound on the following day. But in that interminable march I had come to understand the terror inspired by the Leopard Society among the negroes.

"The Leopard-men hunt!" This cry spreads in Africa the same terror that the howl of the Werewolf did two hundred years ago in Europe. Victims of both are similarly marked. Those of the Werewolf bore upon their necks the gaping wounds of mighty fangs. Upon the throats of the Leopard-man's prey are the imprints of powerful claws.

The European Werewolf was always a lone hunter. The Leopard-man of West Africa, where each individual tends to attach himself to a community, never preys alone. He runs with the pack, the secret gang.

There are many such groups of human beasts: the Crocodile Society of the coast and of the brackish rivers of the jungle, the Elephant Society of the never-felled bush, the Baboon Society of the high mountains to the north. In every case the members of the gang assume the forms of animals when they go forth to kill.

The "Crocodiles" overturn a canoe and drag the oarsman down beneath the water. The "Elephants" tread a lonely wanderer under foot, while the "Baboons" slaughter cattle. As the natives are always readier to believe in supernatural than in natural processes, they are inclined to ascribe a simple accident to the machinations of the animal societies.

The natives have various theories as to the procedure of the Leopard Society. Some tribes assert that the Leopard-men do not kill with their own hands, but having magic powers over the wildcats themselves, force these animals to murder at their behest. Others believe that the members of the gang rub themselves with chalk and so turn into leopards. But police inspection of suspected houses has brought to light claws of skilfully wrought iron, leopard masks and leopard skins.

The smith, next to the chief and the medicine-man the most important person in the village, is almost always in the confidence of the society. It is he who fastens the claws to the bent fingers of the human beasts of prey. Thus equipped, the skin thrown over their shoulders, they stalk their victim, creeping upon all fours.

They raise no cry like the fearful howl of the European Werewolf, they hunt silently, for silence is the mark of the West African bush.

In some tribes the Leopard-men hurl themselves upon the first person to come within reach of their iron claws. But in the Kpesse and Grebo countries they are said to attack only unpopular, malevolent men. Here they believe themselves, like the American Ku Klux Klan, to be the executors of justice and of public opinion.

New members must give proof of their loyalty by sacrificing a near relative to the gang. No African society demands such absolute secrecy from its members as do the human beasts. The son is unaware that his father has joined their ranks, the father will give no warning to his son if the boy has been marked as a victim. For revenge never fails overtake the betrayer, so swiftly and so infallibly at the natives see in it the intervention of witchcraft.

Usually the victim disappears without a trace. But rarely is the body found. Then not only the claw-marks bear witness to his fate. The heart is torn out, the skull emptied of the brain, the palms of the hands are cut away. It is no mere blood-lust that prompts the Leopard-man to slay.

The biggest cat of West Africa, where the lion is unknown, the leopard plays an important part in witchcraft. Leopard teeth and leopard skins adorn the pouch in which "medicine" is kept, they are used freely on the impressive garments of the "devils." Magic powers are inherent in the leopard and are transmitted to the man whom a leopard kills. The most effective of all charms is prepared from the parts of a victim slain.

Leopard-medicine imparts to its possessor that which every negro most desires—power; it spells for him influence over men; possession of countless wives to assure him wealth; it causes his voice to be heard in the council of the elders.

When the Leopard-man springs upon his prey, he does not feel himself a murderer. He is performing a sacrifice destined to influence the supernatural forces in his favour. West Africa knows human sacrifice in many forms. The sacrificial victim may be poisoned, he may also be buried alive, as in a certain village in north-western Liberia, where twenty years ago a youth of noble birth voluntarily offered up his life.

A devastating plague laid waste the tribal territory. The king himself lay sick. The medicine-men foretold that only a human sacrifice could save the life of the king and deliver the tribe from the terror of the black death. The sacrifice performed the miracle.

Burial alive has one disadvantage. The victim cannot be devoured. For human sacrifice and cannibalism are closely interwoven. The materialistic philosophy of the unimaginative white man points to the lack of meat in the Negro diet as the explanation of African cannibalism.

Even to-day certain tribes of northern Liberia sharpen their eye-teeth—supposedly the mark of the cannibal. Two decades ago, before the Liberian government had subdued its outlying districts, the various tribes were engaged in perpetual feuds. Prisoners of war were eaten.

The first government commissioner sent to one of these tribes, the Gios, asked them: "You eat man?"

The Gios were indignant and mortally offended; "No, never! But we eat war."

To them prisoners of war were no longer men, they were the symbol of the victor's booty. With the cessation of tribal warfare cannibalism as frank and unashamed feasting has disappeared in present-day Liberia. It has remained as a secret process of witchcraft. The Leopard and Crocodile Societies eat certain portions of their victims. Here cannibalism has no connection with the problem of nourishment. It is the final act in the conjuration of the secret powers, which the human sacrifice began.

Kaikai and Kani appear upon the threshold of my hut. They wait in silence.

"Good night," I say.

"Good night." But still they do not go.

"Have you something to say to me?"

"We have heard that the Leopard-men hunt in the village to-night. May we take one of the guns with us to our sleeping-quarters?"

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12

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SHORT SHORT STORY *Complete on this Page* BY MILES HENSLOW

SEND *Flowers*

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR BLEWITT winced, and a deep flush spread upwards from his rather tight, striped collar. He felt his face grow hot, and the knowledge that it must be looking as uncomfortable as it felt only made matters worse.

He was blushing. Detective-Inspector Blewitt, senior limb of the law, tough, hardened medium of Justice, terror to crooks and subordinates alike, was blushing. And the cause of his discomfiture merely laughed, raised the lash again, and let it fall with another cut across the square, Harris tweed-encased shoulders.

"Of course, you'll get it right, daddy. It'll be easy. Oh, daddy, I do wish I was as clever as you."

And carefree Bobby Blewitt gazed admiringly upwards into the stern eye of which he was the undisputed apple, continuing the punishment in a high-pitched juvenile voice.

"Oh, daddy, your face *is* red. Let's have an ice-cream, shall we? I'm awfully hot, too. And it's bound to be hot in the pictures. Do let's have an ice-cream."

The policeman on point duty turned, hearing the familiar tones, caught his superior's grim glance, saluted respectfully, and turned again hastily to hide his amusement. Inspector Blewitt mopped a perspiring brow with his free hand, lifted rather than led his small son on to the crowded pavement, and dived for the welcome doors of a small café.

He was not really annoyed; but to hear one's son repeating, innocently, and with laughter, the very essence of what had been a sarcastic rebuke but a bare hour ago—well it was unpleasant.

"Of course, you'll get it right! It'll be easy!" Inspector Blewitt winced again at the thought of those words. He was foolish to have uttered them in the first place. But it *had* looked easy then—six full weeks ago. With the jeweller's body lying twisted across the entrance of his shop, a greasy handkerchief left carelessly on the counter, a paradise of fingerprints on almost everything, it had, at first sight, looked like child's play.

He had said as much when he was put in charge of the case—six full weeks ago. And the affair was still as far from being solved as ever.

Inspector Blewitt had a reputation. He also had confidence. He was, he knew, destined for big things in his own particular line. Everybody knew it, and "everybody" included the press. Small wonder, then, that he was feeling very distressed as he dabbed automatically at a pink and white ice-cream under the adoring gaze of his enthusiastic offspring.

He would have given anything to have avoided the ordeal of a gangster film in his present mood. Though he was, officially, enjoying a free afternoon, he wanted nothing more than to be able to sit down in peace and quiet, to go over all the details of the crime in hand, and to seek for the obvious alley which he knew he must have overlooked.

His son, however, had different ideas. Not only was the gangster film particularly lurid, but there was also a competition organised by the manager for judging the merits of the advertising slides shown in the interval. A clever idea for the theatre and the advertisers—and a wonderful opportunity for Bobby: he was quite certain that with his father's brilliant aid he would win the first prize of a week's free entertainment.

His thoughts, as Blewitt junior dragged him enthusiastically towards the cinema, were far from the realms of celluloid and Hollywood make-up. His mind was on a greasy handkerchief, creating hazy pictures of the types to whom it might belong. The photograph of an unmistakable finger-print floated in front of his eyes: not that he knew a lot about fingerprints, but this particular one was unmistakable on account of one unmistakable peculiarity—a scar, a thin, straight cut, ran right across it.

It was easy. It must be easy. Only a limited number of people carried greasy handkerchiefs. Only one thumb in ten million could bear such a scar. The field of possible suspects was therefore narrowed down to the realm of mechanics.

Every mechanic in the country who had taken or applied for employment since the crime had been interviewed and examined. Some of them bore scars. None had *the* scar. The list of unemployed mechanics had been scoured and delved into with almost unbelievable patience. None had *the* scar. Even the hospitals had been circularised for news of possible amputations.

Police cars had called at every garage within a radius of a hundred miles. The movements of every garage hand had been checked and re-checked. And the jeweller's murder was still as far from solution as the Indian rope trick. Engine drivers, chauffeurs, plumbers, engineers of every calling, had been given the "once-over," and found to be O.K.

It was a problem that even the cunning Inspector Blewitt could not understand. Day after day, as his superiors' smiles had become more and more cynical, he grew more and more desperate. He *had* to succeed. In spite of all that had happened, he knew, somehow, that the answer *was* easy: and there lay his chief worry. Someone would get there first. Every moment was of value.

Every moment of value, and there he was wasting time in a cinema. He sat up with a jerk as the lights went on.

The jeweller's body lying twisted across the entrance of his shop.

"Phew, daddy! Gee, but that was good! Did you see the way the cop slogged him? Gee, I'd hate to be a crook. They never get away with anything, do they daddy?"

"No!" said Inspector Blewitt savagely, "not on the films!" He spoke curtly to stop further conversation: for he had not seen or heard a thing that had occurred. His thoughts had been touring garages and machine shops. He smiled contentedly as the lights dimmed again, and then swore under his breath as his exuberant son pushed a paper and pencil into his hand.

"Now, daddy, you must watch these and put numbers against the ones you like best. It's quite easy."

Idly and without thinking, the inspector watched the screen, marking his programme as he was told: for he knew of old that it was easier to agree with what Bobby said.

The first slide told of the courteous service offered by Bliggon's garage. Blewitt senior scowled in the darkness as he placed it obediently last. The next was an inducement to young men to give their girl friends a diamond ring from Hodges' wonderful selection.

Jewellers, garages! Blewitt senior swore to himself. Hairdressing, reduction of figures, the saving of a penny in the shilling by drinking Pearson's tea—6-4-7-3. An evening at the Golden Café—5. A lurid display of vegetables—9.

"Well, son," said Blewitt senior with relief, "we only want the first and second and eighth and we've won, eh?"

"I know the next, daddy, it's flowers. It goes eighth. Then comes a garage: that must be second: and the one about use electricity will be first. That's—hey, daddy—you're hurting!"

Inspector Blewitt released his grip on Bobby's arm and stared at the screen.

"Send Flowers!" it said. It said much more as well, but Blewitt senior did not read any further. He was still staring at the expanse of white background and bunch of over-painted roses when the next slide took its place.

"What a fool!" he said. "What a fool!"

"Who's a fool, daddy?"

"I am—or have been. Listen, Bobby. Put that garage last. Put that flower one first. Sit here till I get back. If it doesn't win I'll eat my hat. No I won't. I'll give you five shillings. I'll give you that, anyway. Now wait till I get back, see?"

"Send Flowers!" muttered Blewitt senior as he slipped through the doors into the daylight, "I'll send flowers all right!"

"—you see, sir," he said to his superior ten minutes later, "I knew that there was some simple line of thought we had overlooked. We had tried all kinds of mechanics except cinematograph operators and, after all, they are out of sight nearly all the time. So I just continued my enquiries and then, suddenly, this happened."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," said Inspector Blewitt, "I'd recognise that finger-print anywhere. It came on the screen as large as a lifebelt. Let's go. I want to collect my son by the end of the show."

Sporting CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. W. SINDALL

DAWN glowed white-hot across the sea when, for the first time, Andrew noticed the ship. He saw her from the window. Sleek, with pale, almost feminine lines, she shone, spectre-like, against the morning skies.

"A yacht," he thought, surprised. "I wonder what brings her here?" He frowned. "Another shipload of wretched sightseers, I suppose. What on earth can they hope to see? The islands are tamed now. Most of them, anyway. They're as safe as Bond Street. Hang, here comes a boat."

He finished shaving, keeping a lack-lustre eye on the boat. Two white-clad sailors rowed. They seemed smart and efficient. Suddenly his gaze switched. Between the two sailors, looking intently towards the island, sat a woman.

Andrew finished dressing. By that time the boat had beached. The morning had matured. Another day of ashen heat. Green banners had stretched tight over the sky, but low down on the horizon, where the tropic heat was coming, the heavens seemed colourless.

Andrew waited. The woman had come ashore, alone. Andrew saw her pause, looking curiously along the beach. She saw him and began to approach slowly, with a sort of doubt.

Suddenly, dead in line with the rising sun, she paused. She was looking at Andrew, tall, composed, politely annoyed. Her face came clear against the morning light. It hadn't physical beauty. The features were not sufficiently distinct.

Only the eyes gave to that face a something more than beauty. Very kind, exceedingly wise grey eyes, they looked at Andrew with a recognising light.

Andrew, also, knew recognition.

"Diana," he called, almost excitedly.

She waited, smiling. Walking swiftly along the beach, he paused before her. She put out her hand. He held it firmly, while her wise grey eyes searched his face.

Those eyes he still remembered: they were so very, very kind—and wise.

His excitement died. He walked at her side towards the house. The green curtains, mere lacings of *vanari* vine, lent the interior coolness and shade.

"Can I offer you a drink, Diana?"

She smiled, shook her head. Andrew looked at her. It seemed a little odd, almost bizarre, to be offering Diana refreshment once again, in that casual fashion, just as if—as if nothing had really happened.

So much, so very, very much, had happened. . . .

"You've changed, Andrew."

"I suppose so, Diana. Three years can seem like a—lifetime."

"You've been living here, on this island, three years?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Always alone, Diana. I rather like it," he said.

"Probably." She was silent a moment, watching him. Then she said, a little shortly: "My sister, Ethel, is on board. Of course, you didn't know she married. Claude Duveen. Oceans of money. I should like you to meet him, Andrew. He's a dear."

"Very well," he agreed.

"Don't look so resigned, Andrew."

"Do I seem—resigned?"

"Superbly. Or should I say egoistically? Like a French aristocrat waiting for the guillotine to drop."

"Don't be gruesome, Diana." He laughed. "Of course, it's all a terrible surprise—I mean, your coming here."

"Terrible? Do you mean that, *literally?*"

His face grew serious again. He took her hand, held it tightly an instant.

"You know how I mean it, Diana. We were always such pals, you and I."

"Such pals, Andrew." She looked up into his serious face; her own lips smiled a little oddly.

She rose, walked towards the door. On the wall hung a studio portrait of Julia, Andrew's wife. Diana looked at it intently.

"She was very beautiful, Andrew, wasn't she?"

He looked at the picture.

"Very beautiful," he agreed. She saw the pain in his face, threading the features with dark, ghostly lines. Her hand reached out, touched the back of his with understanding. "Poor Andrew," she said, and was gone.

He stood there, alone, thinking. He rather wished Diana and the others hadn't come to Stevenson Island. He had always been fond, in a brotherly sort of way, of Diana. She was such a good sort, really.

But Julia had made him forget all that. Julia had flashed across his mental horizon like a flaming sun, or a meteor, beautifully aflame, in the darkness of the night.

Andrew had loved her passionately. Every hair of her head had been sacred to him. But the physical consummation of that love had been so maddeningly short-lived. Two short, bitter-sweet weeks, and then. . . .

The end almost before the beginning. On their honeymoon trip, it had happened. A thousand times Andrew had lived through those hellish moments in which he and Julia had clung together, with the boat-deck awash round their feet and the ship sinking under them.

So those dark, deep waters had closed over Julia's head for ever. The sea, stronger than life, raging with ironic laughter, had torn them apart, sundered that last fierce embrace. The last he had seen of Julia was a black mountain of sea rolling down upon her and two slender white arms lifted to the scowling black of a starless night.

Andrew had been saved, almost against his will. He had lived. That small, lonely island had known him for three long years. The world out there mattered nothing at all to him. He was done with it.

Leaning forward, he kissed Julia's picture. The glass felt cold to his lips.

There was a certain stiff formality about his visit to the yacht. He might have been performing some duty which sheer politeness rendered it impossible for him to shirk. He found Duveen to be quite a decent sort. Ethel hadn't altered much. She was prettier than her sister, Diana, but she had neither the wit nor the intelligence which were so essentially a part of Diana.

Neither the wit, the intelligence, nor the understanding. Andrew's frigidly formal manner got on her nerves. This was really their honeymoon—hers and Claude's—and Andrew, with that empty, bitter look in his eyes, depressed her. She was glad when he went over the side, back to the island.

"Well," she said, turning to Diana, "those were quite the most depressing two hours I ever spent in my life, barring the time I was stranded in a shepherd's hut on Dartmoor."

Diana was leaning on the rail. Night had come.

"Do you think Claude would mind much if we were to stay here a few days?" Diana asked.

Ethel stared.

"Stay *here*? My dear Diana——"

"Ask him, will you?"

"Well, I——" Ethel swung sharply. "Oh, I see. You really *planned* all this? You——"

"Yes," said Diana quietly, "I really planned it."

Just after dawn Diana slipped ashore again. Her face was serious. There was a look of concentration in her eyes.

A Long Complete Story BY Stephen Phillips

Andrew was working on a boat, a dead pipe between his lips.

"How good the dawn always smells," Diana laughed. "Can I help?"

He looked round with a faint smile.

"'Fraid not, Diana. I'm almost done."

"Good. Then I'll go along and cook you some breakfast."

She went off, smiling, into the house. Andrew finished his boat-mending. He stood a moment looking out across the sea and there were ghosts in his eyes. . . .

Diana had the breakfast ready. Andrew had plenty of stuff on the island. A coasting schooner kept his larder plentifully supplied. Andrew sat down and started to eat. The food was deliciously cooked, but even Diana's heavenly touch seemed to fail with Andrew that morning.

"What, no appetite?" Diana demanded, sternly.

He smiled in some confusion.

"It's delicious, Diana. Really, it is. But—well, I've gone off my food, somehow. . . . I—I think I'll try my pipe instead."

He rose. Diana saw his face, the reflection of it, in a mirror. It was the face of a man who was *haunted*.

"You go out and smoke your wretched old pipe," she said brightly," while I get busy in the house."

He turned.

"Diana, you really shouldn't——"

"Go on," she said, giving him a push, "be off with you, now. I can't stand a lazy man about the premises when I've got work to do."

He went rather reluctantly. Diana worked like a galley-slave. The place certainly needed a woman's touch. In places the dust lay half an inch thick.

Midday blazed over the ocean, heaving vast yet steady. Diana had a bright blue tablecloth spread for lunch.

"Aren't you going back to the boat?" he asked.

"I most certainly am doing nothing of the sort," Diana snorted. "With all this work that remains to be done. . . ."

He smiled rather wistfully and left her alone for the rest of the day. The island was white and windy when he came back. There was appreciation in his eyes as he looked round the place.

"Do you work miracles, Diana?"

She laughed.

"Do you believe in miracles?"

"No," he said, and sat down. His face, she noticed, was suddenly sombre. "No miracle happened that night when . . ."

She leant in the doorway, watching the moon on the sea. And, leaning there, she sensed the presence of *something*. It was between Andrew and herself. It hovered spectrally, a barrier over which she was unable to climb. Realisation came swiftly to Diana, with her keen, sharp understanding, like a blade of steel.

"Brooding again, Andrew?"

He gave a slight start.

"Brooding? Am I? Well, perhaps you're right. Sorry, Diana. Shall I turn on the gramophone? I've got some records somewhere. Not particularly new ones, I'm afraid. . . ." He started to rise.

"I hate gramophones," said Diana.

He sat down again, rather helplessly.

"I—I'm afraid I'm rather a depressing sort of fellow these days," he commented at last with a pitiful effort at light-heartedness. "Tell me about yourself, Diana. What have you been doing all this time?"

"Would it interest you—to know that?"

"Of course. I've always been interested in everything you do, Diana. You know that."

"Have you?"

"Naturally. When two people have been such pals as you and I. . . ."

She smiled a little bitterly.

"No, don't let's talk about me."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm so—uninteresting, Andrew."

"I've never found you to be so, Diana." His tone was almost formally polite. His eyes didn't look at her at all. He was gazing out through the door, into the windy island night.

Out there, in the beauty of wind and sea and sky, an exquisite ghost was standing.

"What shall we talk about then?" he said, in a tired voice.

She turned to face him.

"Why not talk about Julia? You'd like to talk about her, wouldn't you, Andrew?"

His eyes were grateful.

"I should. You're always so sympathetic, Diana. You—you understand."

"I try to," she said, and something bitter grew in her heart.

They talked of Julia until the moon began to swing low in the sky. Andrew rowed her back to the yacht.

"Thank you, Diana, for listening," he said, sincerely.

Diana stood on the dark deck, her hands clenched. She slept a little. Ethel looked at her curiously in the morning light.

"You look tired, sweet."

"I am, a little," Diana admitted.

"What did you and Andrew find to talk about all night?"

"Julia," said Diana. There was a peculiar kind of quiet passion in her voice.

"My poor dear," Ethel said sympathetically, "no wonder you look like a dead fish warmed up. Come and have coffee."

Diana made no movement. Her wise eyes were looking out over the morning waters.

"My sweet, does he mean so much?"

"So much," Diana said, her eyes fixed in the morning light.

Ethel, after an instant's silence, said practically: "Well, if you're really struck on the man, Diana, why don't you set yourself out to get him?"

"How?" Diana inquired.

"Well, now, how does any woman set out to get a man? I ask you."

Then Diana turned; her smooth, plain face shone against the light with a kind of still passion.

"*I can't fight a dead woman,*" she said.

Ethel looked at her rather anxiously once or twice over the breakfast table. Diana's expression worried her.

Diana followed her sister on deck; two chairs were drawn together.

"Ethel, I'm trying to remember."

"Remember what?"

"Why, about that—night. I mean, when the *Queen Catherine* went down."

"Well?"

"Some people were saved, weren't they?"

"Of course. Andrew was."

"But the—others?"

"If I can remember rightly," Ethel said, frowning, "fifty-six people were drowned. Why, it was thought at first that Andrew was with them, until——"

"I know about Andrew. It was several weeks before they knew he'd been saved. But I wasn't thinking about that exactly."

"What were you thinking about, then?"

"About—Julia."

Ethel stared.

"I don't quite get you, my dear."

"You remember Ronnie? Ronnie Blake, I mean?"

"Certainly, I——"

"Well, he was in the ship which answered the *Queen Catherine's* S O S. There was another vessel as well, wasn't there? An American boat, I think. Ronnie's ship took off most of the survivors and the American boat saved the rest."

"I may seem dense, but I still don't see——"

"Wait a moment. Don't you remember Ronnie telling us something about a Japanese pearling-boat?"

"Why, yes, I do. But——"

"Didn't Ronnie say that the men in it told them something about a woman they'd picked up near the wreck?"

"Ronnie said he didn't believe a word of it. The pearling-boat was quite a long way off at the time."

"I know. But they did say something about saving a woman, didn't they? They'd taken her to some outlandish place."

"Eckna," said Ethel. "I can remember that, at least. But——"

"Suppose they *did* tell the truth?" Diana suggested, an odd look in those wise eyes of hers. "Suppose they *did* pick this unknown woman out of the sea?"

"Ronnie said the captain of his boat never bothered much. Said he thought they were trying to get a reward with a lot of lies."

"And suppose," Diana added, rather breathlessly, "the woman was *Julia?*"

Ethel shrugged.

"My dear Diana, I consider such a supposition positively crazy."

"Perhaps it is." Diana stood up determinedly. "All the same, I'm going to find out just *how* crazy."

"You mean——?"

"Yes. I'm going to ask Claude to steer for Eckna, wherever it is. I'm going to make sure. I *must*."

Duveen scoffed at the whole idea. Like his wife, he considered the project quite crazy. But Diana got her way in the end. She usually did.

The *White Queen* steamed south, through the Islands, under a clear, hard sky.

One evening Ethel came upon Diana sitting in the cabin alone. On the table lay a picture. Ethel looked at it in surprise.

"Why, that's Julia. Where did you——?"

"I took it from the house."

"Why?" Ethel demanded, staring in frank amazement.

There was a peculiar expression in Diana's face.

"I wanted to *study* it."

"Study. . . . What for?"

Diana lifted the picture.

"She must have been beautiful."

"She *was*."

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing Sporting Chance

"Yes. But Andrew isn't the ordinary type, is he? Mere beauty might attract him for a while, but afterwards. . . ."

"You—you're a queer child, Diana."

"Child?" Diana smiled. "Well, perhaps mine are just childish fancies also. But beauty's *physical*. That kind of appeal doesn't last long with a man like Andrew. There must be something *mental* to go with it. Was she—intelligent?"

"Not particularly. At least——"

"I can imagine. I study *faces*, you know. And Andrew didn't know her long enough——"

"He was engaged some time."

"Yes. But one has to *live* with a person to understand thoroughly. I don't like her eyes. They're too close together, for one thing. And for another—oh, well, that's enough of that." Diana looked up suddenly. "I'm still remembering, you see. You knew Julia better than ever I did. I only met her twice, for a few minutes. Do you remember a man called Rookham? Frank Rookham. Wasn't there some talk about him and Julia—I mean, before Andrew married her so suddenly?"

"I *did* hear something, but you know how people talk." Ethel turned rather impatiently. "And, anyway," she added, "I don't think we ought to talk about such things. I mean, now that Julia's not here. It doesn't seem quite decent."

Diana looked searchingly at the picture.

"Hard," she thought, "headstrong, wilful and sometimes unkind. There's a line of cruelty in those lips, although they're so beautiful. A temper, too, I think. . . . Poor Andrew. I wonder if he'll ever know what he really missed?"

She looked up and saw Duveen's head against the sky.

"We've just raised Eckna," he called.

It was a cloudy, muddled little place. But, up in the hills, the island improved somewhat.

'How long do you intend going on with this crazy notion of yours, Diana?" Ethel demanded.

"Just as long as it takes to make *sure*," Diana smiled.

"But even if she had been saved," Ethel pointed out, "why should you still expect to find her here? Wouldn't she have——"

"I don't," Diana almost snapped. "But one would have to pick up the trail from here, wouldn't one?"

And, in that cloudy little island town, full of half-caste traders, beachcombers, remittance men—one of the spearpoints of the Japanese pearling industry in the South Seas—Diana found the bride of the man she loved. The sheer unexpectedness of it shocked Diana immeasurably. It was dark when she got back on board. Diana's face was as white as paper.

"Steady, my dear," said Ethel anxiously. "What is it? What's happened?"

Diana stared at her with unseeing eyes.

'I've found Julia," she said.

it was almost incredible, of course; but the incredible does sometimes happen.

'She's ill," Diana said breathlessly, "very, very ill. If something isn't done for her, she'll die." Diana clutched her sister's arm. "She *mustn't* die," she said.

"I can't believe it," Ethel said—"I mean, that she's really still alive and that you've found her."

Diana looked at the dark night.

"I couldn't believe it, at first," she said. "Ethel, I must tell you something. She—she's been living on this island under the protection of a man."

"But hasn't she ever tried to find Andrew?"

"She thought Andrew had been drowned."

"Well," Ethel snapped, "in the circumstances, I suggest you allow her to remain under that impression."

"I—I can't," Diana protested.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't I already told you," Diana asked desperately, "that I can't fight a dead woman?"

"You intend to—resurrect her?"

"Yes."

"For Andrew?"

"Yes, for Andrew."

"Diana, are you quite right in your head?"

"I hope so. Don't you see, Andrew still loves her. He'll *always* love her, while he thinks. . . . There'll be no room in his heart for me. That's why I shall make this—resurrection."

"And thereby destroy your own chances, Diana?"

"I don't know. . . ." There was the oddest look in Diana's face. "In any case, Andrew would have to—know."

"Well, that's true, at least," Ethel agreed. She looked at Diana. "But suppose, in spite of all you can do, she dies?"

Diana said, in a whisper of a voice: "Poor Andrew. . . . It's him I'm thinking of really. For *his* sake she must live."

Julia did live. She had the best care and attention the island could give. Diana saw to that. Her efforts were indefatigable. She had a sacred thought in her heart, and that sacred thought was Andrew.

Six weeks later the *White Queen* sailed into the tiny green bay of Stevenson Island.

Diana walked up to the house.

Andrew was there. He hadn't noticed the yacht come in, or heard her step.

She looked at him.

"I've found Julia," she said. "She's alive, on the mainland opposite the pearling port of Eckna. She's waiting for you, Andrew."

Searchingly she looked at him. At first he was incredulous, speechless; then joy blazed in his face.

"Diana, Diana," he said, "I'm so happy I'm scared it's all a dream."

But Diana leant in the doorway, trembling like a leaf.

He was alone, and the island night had come. A wind blew along the empty beach, eerily.

Diana walked up that beach, again.

A light shone palely from a window.

It was three years later.

At the door she paused.

"Andrew," she said.

He turned, startled by the sound of her voice. The lamplight gleamed on his face. Diana looked at it in that strangely searching manner, just as she had looked three long years ago.

There was the shadow of human suffering in it, but it was no longer the face of a man who was *haunted*.

The eyes were clear. They looked at Diana as if they really saw her for the first time. The ghosts had gone out of them for ever.

"Diana, this *is* a surprise."

"I wanted it to be a surprise," she smiled.

"Come in, Diana. Don't stand out there. You—you're not afraid of me, are you?"

"*Afraid?*" said Diana.

She walked, smiling, into the house, stood before him, still with that searching expression in her eyes.

"Who—who told you I'd come back to the island, Diana?"

"Oh, I heard. . . ."

He looked at her steadily.

"It was a fine thing you did, Diana. I never really thanked you."

"For what, Andrew."

"Why, for what you did when Julia was so ill on that beastly little island."

"Oh, that. You don't have to thank me, Andrew. I—I——"

He moved closer to her.

"Diana, do you—*know*?"

"About Julia, you mean?"

"Yes," he said.

"I know," Diana said, "everything."

He seemed surprised.

"You know that—that we're no longer living together?"

"Of course I know that, Andrew."

He went to the door and looked out into the island night. The sky was dark and the *White Queen* seemed to be a mere pale image against the darkness of it.

"We weren't very happy together," he said.

"I understand, Andrew."

"Yes. You would. You *always* understand, Diana. We—we used to quarrel quite a lot. I don't know if it was my fault. Perhaps it was."

"No, Andrew, it wasn't *your* fault."

"There were other things. . . ."

"Need you talk of them, Andrew, to me?"

He turned his head.

"You don't seem—surprised?"

"I'm not surprised, Andrew."

He came back into the room, slowly. There was a look of wonderment in his face.

"I divorced her six months ago," he said. "Did you know that, too?"

"Yes, Andrew."

He smiled oddly.

"You seem to know everything, as you say, Diana. But why weren't you surprised when you heard. . . .?"

Diana, smiling gently, put out her hands to him.

"My dear," she said, "don't you know that a woman who loves a man has a hundred eyes?"

On board Ethel anxiously waited.

"Well?" she said.

Diana's eyes were misty against the night.

"He's coming back with us. We're to . . . be . . . married soon . . ."

A little enviously, Ethel looked at her.

"I wish," she said, "I were as clever as you, Diana."

Diana shook her head.

"It wasn't clever," she said.

Those wise grey eyes looked steadily over the dark sea.

"I knew I couldn't fight a dead woman," she said, "but that against a living one—a woman of Julia's sort—I should at least have a sporting chance."

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Real Indian squaws who sit outside Yuma Station, Arizona, selling their wares, hid their faces when an American reader "curiosnapped" them.

Haystacks are of the floating variety (with sails) on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

These "nails" outside exchanges were used for cash transactions in olden days. The money was planted on top. Hence "cash on the nail."

Above
Chicken run at Calshot is fenced in—with aircraft wheels.

Newsboys in Sidmouth ring a bell instead of shouting. There is no scheme to introduce the idea to London.

On Albanian roads a 20 horse-power car becomes a 2 horse-power one—with the engine left behind.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

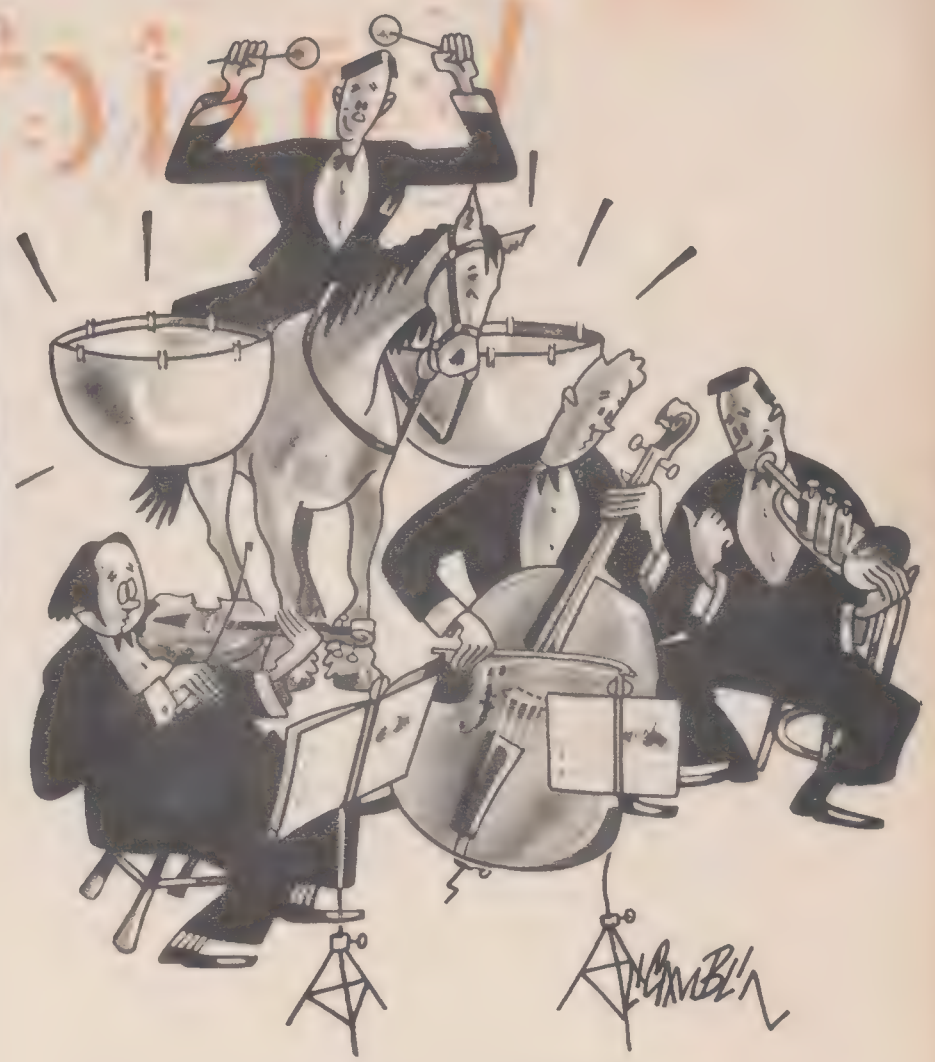
"It's only for a minute while he has a smoke."

"I hope he remembers what we've taught him to say."

"There isn't any fire—the chief comes out here to fly his model aeroplane."

"Your wife wants you to play a lullaby—she's putting baby to bed."

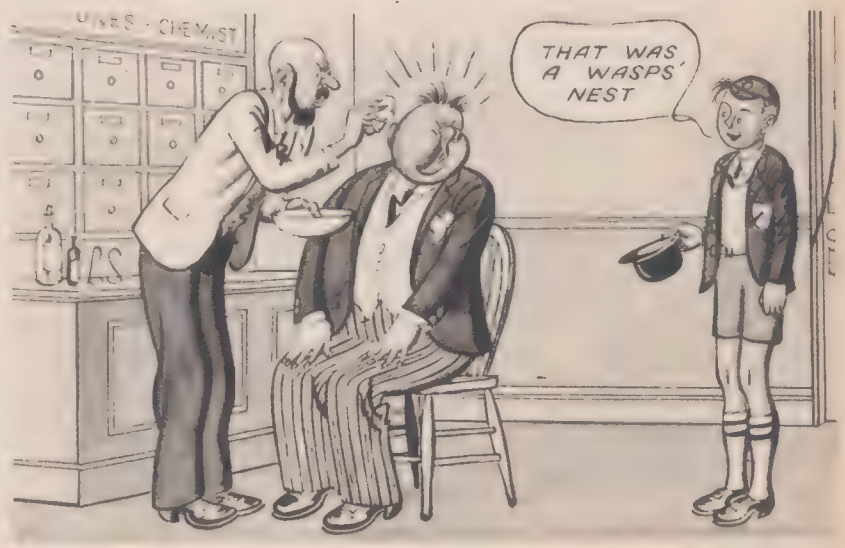
" Gracie has always been a pessimist."



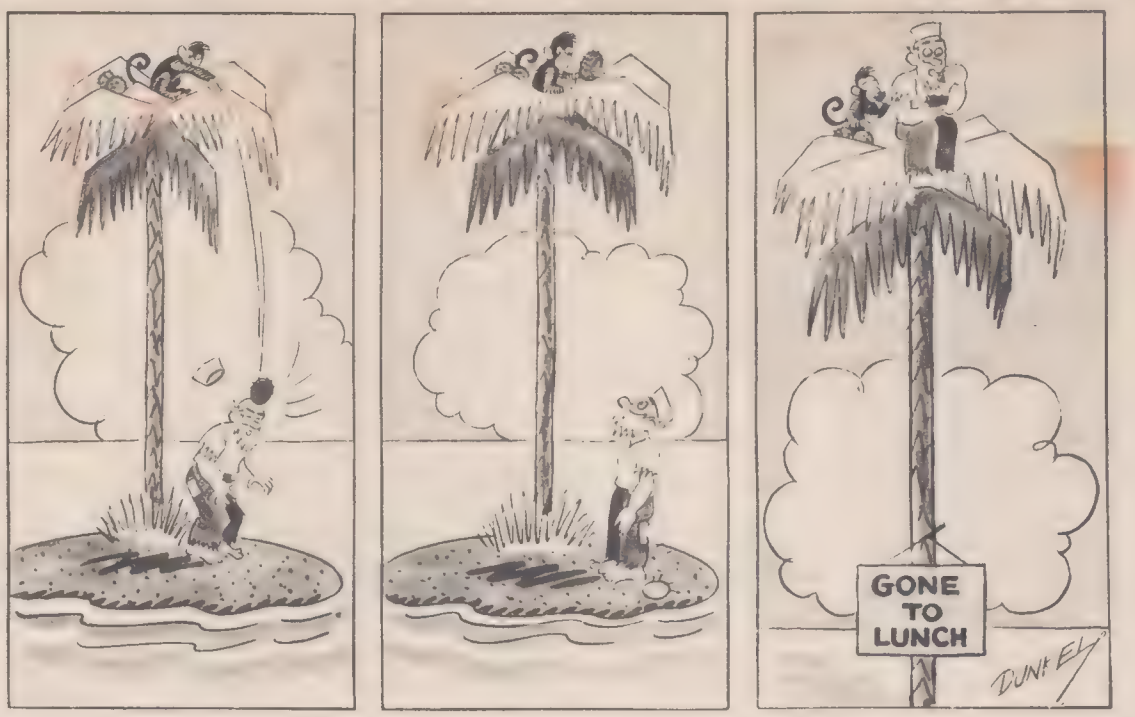
" He used to be in the cavalry."

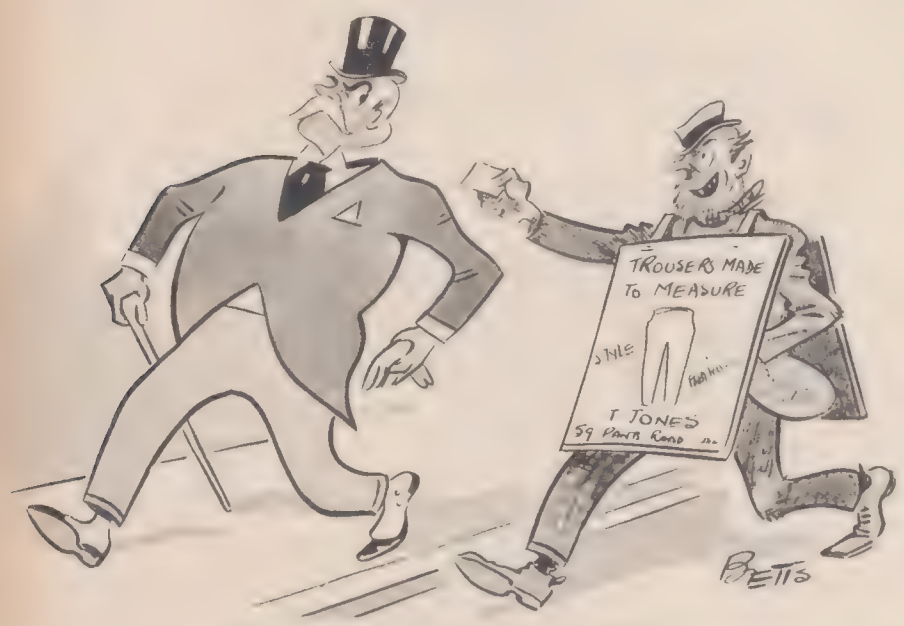
A MAN AND NATURE STUDY

by A. C. BARRETT



"Beg pardon, madam, but that's the wrong bowl you're serving from."





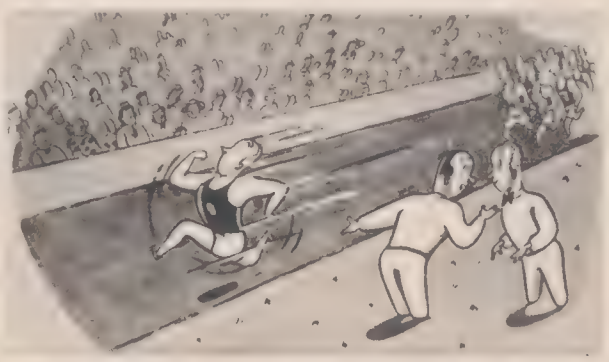
"Trousers to match your coat, sir ?"

"Can you find an ash-tray, Bill ?"

"Try and be more careful where you stick your pin next time, miss—you're trying to put a bob each way on a P. and O. liner."

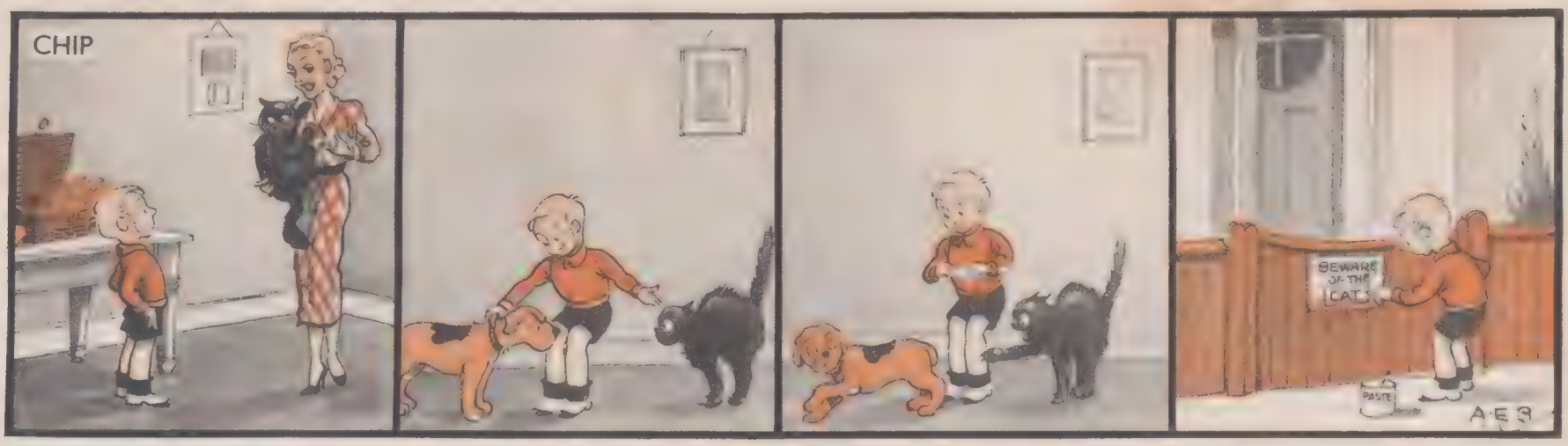
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

Stone Age Employer : "The best typist in the office ; she can do three words an hour."
Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.

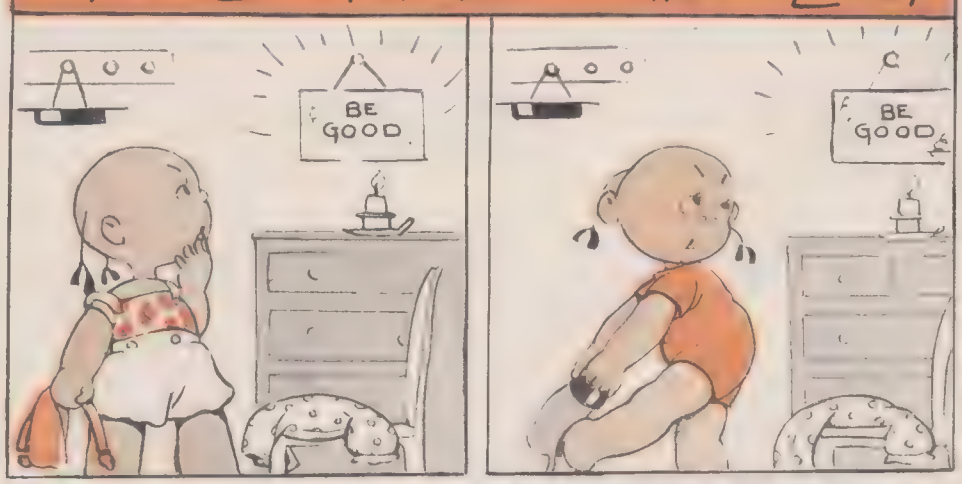


"Won't he get a surprise when he finds he has got into the Marathon instead of the 100 yards ?"
Lustige Blätter, Munich.

CHIP



MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "VOT A LIFE!"



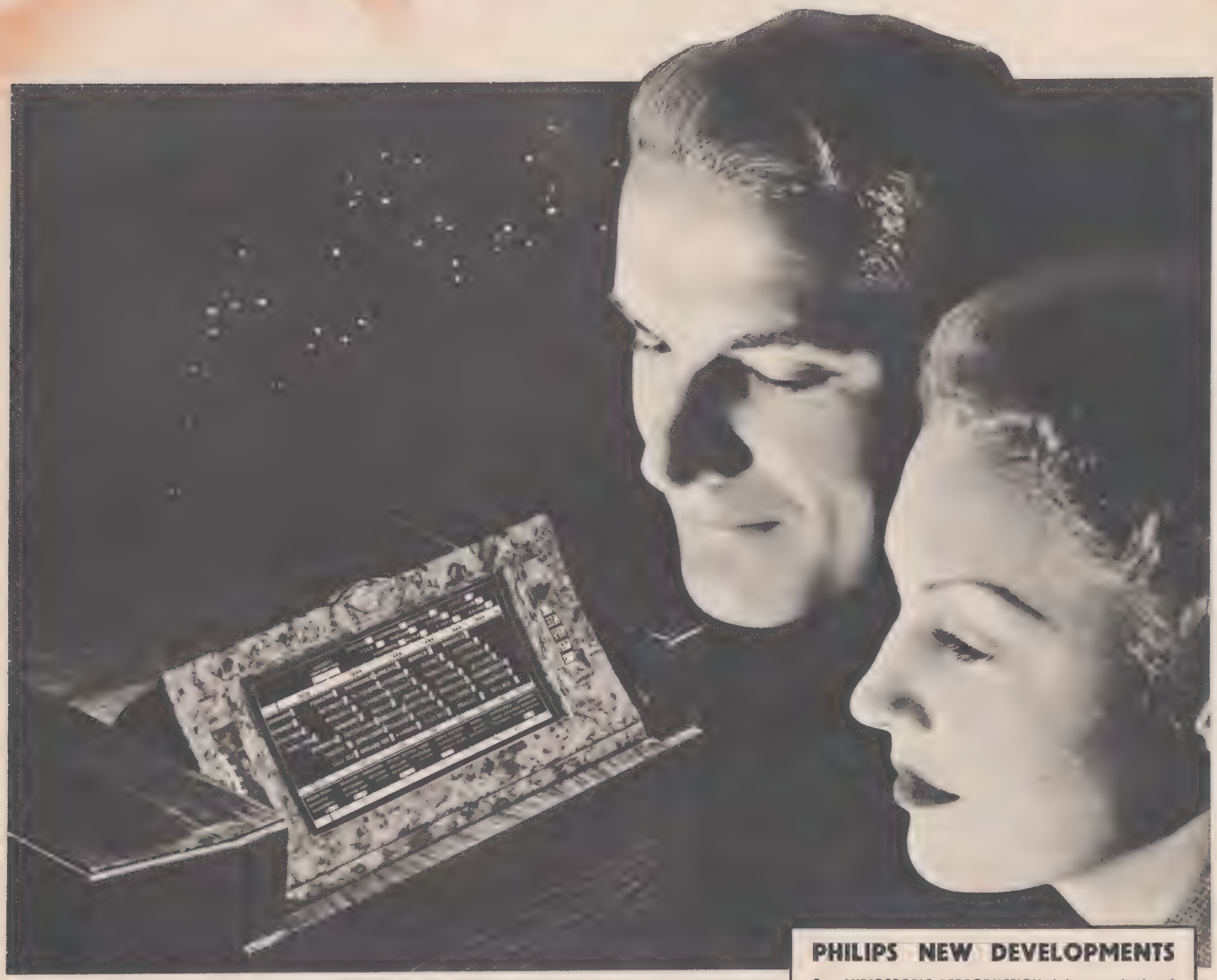
If at bedtime you can't say
"Yes! I have been good to-day"-don't sorrow.
Nothing much is gained by woe-
Better have another go, to-morrow!

"My wife, sir—she's very careful about my health."

OLD BILL and BERT

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A CUBIC FOOT OF *Miracles*



THE first thing that strikes your eye when you see one of these new Philips models is the handsome cabinet work. But you'll soon see that they have more than "eye appeal." As your dealer takes you through a complete demonstration you will be convinced that here indeed is a "cubic foot of miracles"—these new Philips sets have radio features you never thought possible. The Adaptovisor Dial, for example, which can be instantly tilted to the most convenient angle for easy reading, whether you are standing or sitting. But the big thrill comes when you tune in—the first full notes tell you that here for the first time is true tone with new depth and reality. It is Audioscopic Reproduction—the result of an exclusive Philips invention.

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53A

Continuing THE LEGACY MURDERS—

Girl in the Green Hat

READ THIS FIRST **Valerie Beauchamp, best-seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she has been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that one of her readers has fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics had been reading her passionate love letters, her Will shows that she has left £200 a year to each of them. If any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others. Then there starts a reign of terror. Of the six members of the Esoterics, Adelaide Tring is poisoned, Frederick Reeves is shot and Councillor Joshua Stanton is stabbed, while the others, Naomi Garnett, Cyril Sidebotham, and Edward Calcott, the bogus lover, are being keenly watched by Scotland Yard. Eventually Edward Calcott is arrested and brought to trial accused of committing the murders.**

MISS CLARE ROTHERS was finding it difficult to take a sustained interest in the story which she would be unable to use for business purposes. Nevertheless it was with something of a thrill that she watched the accused leave the dock and walk towards the witness-box. After all, this young man had been accused of three successive murders. Perhaps he had in fact committed them, and one did not meet with a triple murderer most days of the week.

Guilty or not guilty? She did not know what to think. That, however, was probably just the state of mind which Sir Henry Grey had intended to produce. Sir Henry had a great reputation—not so much because of his knowledge of law, which was notoriously incomplete, but because of his way with a jury.

His predilection was for the heart-to-heart appeal, but that only made his conduct of the present case all the more striking. For he was evidently in this instance relying on logic rather than sympathy. He had even gone out of his way to show an Olympian detachment in dealing with the facts of the case, as though he deliberately sought to balance the issues so finely that no one would dare to have an opinion one way or the other.

It was true, he had admitted, that the accused stood to gain by the deaths of the three persons whom he was charged with killing. The accused, on the other hand, was in no great need of money and was a man of simple tastes whose two hundred a year from the original legacy coming to him from Valerie Beauchamp—and Sir Henry had been careful to point out that he was not charged with having had anything to do with the death of that eccentric novelist—added to what he already earned was amply sufficient.

The accused, it appeared, had no debts and the sums which he gained by the deaths of his three fellow-members of the Esoterics were comparatively small. There was motive, but was it strong enough to prompt him to run the risks, the very terrible risks, which the murderer had in fact taken?

Sir Henry had taken the same line in dealing with the weapons. Arsenic and a pistol had been found at Baffin's Court, but there was no evidence as to how they had come there and no evidence as to how the accused had obtained them, while the attempt to prove that he had purchased a third weapon from the ironmonger's shop in Islington had ignominiously broken down.

Similar uncertainties had been suggested in regard to the movements of the prisoner. His presence near the scene of the crime on Highwood common had been satisfactorily explained in spite of an attempt on the part of the Crown to prove that the explanation was false. His movements on the night of the second murder were admittedly more difficult to establish with any certainty, but no proof had been offered that his own account of them was not to be trusted. It might be impossible to prove that he was at Baffin's Court, but it was equally impossible to prove the contrary and no attempt had been made to do so.

What was one to believe? The time had come to begin making up one's mind one way or the other. The personal element, of course, was important. Watch the prisoner. Much might be inferred from his behaviour.

Try as she would, however, Miss Rothers soon began to find her attention waning. The same story was coming up again. She had heard it all before—first from the Attorney-General and then from Sir Henry Grey—and she was tired to death of it all.

Certainly the young man had courage. Or was it merely that he was callous? To stand up there, facing a British jury and confessing to the purposes for which he had needed that room in Baffin's Court—well, there were not many who could do that without a tremor. But the accused was not in the least sheepish. Nor was he defiant. He spoke as a man who stated facts and expected to be believed.

"I am an author," came his voice, steady and controlled. "I am writing what is for me an important work and it deals with the underworld. It seemed necessary that I should have as intimate a knowledge as possible of the types I was presenting."

"Both men and women?"

"Yes, Sir Henry."

"Would you now, Mr. Calcott, describe as exactly as you can your movements on the night of June 6th to June 7th when Frederick Reeves was murdered."

"I was not that day thinking much about my literary work. The recent terrible events in which I and my friends were implicated made it difficult for me or any of us to concentrate upon our normal interests. So I took an evening off and I went to the Mayfair Cinema to see a Russian film on the life of Dostoiewsky."

"Yes?"

"I left the cinema at about eleven, I think, and decided to walk to Leicester Square Tube Station and return at once to Highwood. On the way to the station, however, I got into conversation with a woman whom I met in Coventry Street."

"And then?" prompted Sir Henry Grey.

"I changed my plans and took her back to Baffin's Court. I made it clear to her that, if she cared to give me some details of her life, that was all I wanted."

"Did anyone see you enter or leave Baffin's Court?"

"Unfortunately not. The rest of the flats on my staircase are offices and no one remains in them after about six o'clock. That is why I chose the place."

"So that you should not be observed coming in and going out, you mean?"

"Exactly, Sir Henry. I didn't want to advertise what I was doing."

"It would have been bad for your reputation with your firm, you mean?"

"Just so, Sir Henry."

Clare Rothers smiled to herself. The young man was frank enough in all conscience. There was even something attractive in his cool admissions.

"Can you tell me approximately how long you remained at Baffin's Court?"

"Not exactly, but it was some little time—long after the last tube had left."

"How did you get home?"

"I walked."

"The whole way?"

"Yes. I needed exercise and I wanted to clear my mind."

"Do you agree with the statement of Mary Andrews, who was called by the prosecution, to the effect that it was half-past two o'clock when you entered your mother's house?"

The accused hesitated a moment.

"I have no reason to disagree with it," he said at last. "I didn't notice the time but, if *she* did, she may very well have been right.

"Thank you, Mr. Calcott. We will return now, please, to the pistol found by the police in your room at Baffin's Court."

The questions continued and Clare Rothers again began to lose interest, though she watched the accused with an increasing sympathy.

"But wait till Sir Robert Lorrimer gets at you, young man," she said to herself.

"Come, Mr. Calcott. You ask the court to believe that you passed the night, or part of it at least, talking with this person. Yet the police have been quite unable to trace her. Can you not give us some clue as to her identity?"

The poor young man in the witness-box, noted Mrs. Pyecroft, was getting tired. Cross-examination was bad enough in any case. For a man on trial for his life, it must be terrible. The Attorney-General was very calm and polite, but that only made it worse.

The accused was flushing now. He seemed angry—evidently a lad of spirit. He had already shown more than once that he could hold his own.

"With all respect, sir, I must object to the expression you have seen fit to use. I am not asking the Court to believe that I passed the night with anyone. I have explained the purpose of the interview which I had with the woman in question."

"But you can give us no clue to her identity?"

"I can give you several clues. Her name was Florence. I do not know her address. I should doubt if she had one. She was just a derelict creature. I can hardly trust myself to speak of her condition. She wore a green hat and a neat summer coat, but these had been given her by one of those charitable organisations which collect old clothing. She was short. Her hair was dark. She had a long nose, blue eyes, a large mouth, prominent cheek bones, a weak chin, slender hands, a full neck, small feet and ankles. . . ."

Sir Robert Lorrimer held up his hand as signs of amusement began to appear in court.

"Thank you, Mr. Calcott," he said gravely. "All this would be useful if we could only find the person you so graphically describe."

The witness raised his eyebrows.

"You were asking for clues, Sir Robert. I can tell you a great deal about the woman in question—even to half the story of her life, but I cannot tell you her surname or address. Those were not the sort of facts in which I was interested."

"You have made no attempt to get in touch with this woman?"

"On the contrary. Everything possible has been done. We have advertised, but she has not come forward."

"Do you not consider it rather remarkable that, with all the publicity this case has received and is receiving at this moment, the woman with whom you are alleged to have spent those hours on the night of Monday, June 5th, should not have appeared in support of your statement?"

"I do not think it very remarkable. She was not the sort of woman who would read the newspapers."

"You can tell us nothing that is likely to throw any further light on the subject?"

"As I have already said, Sir Robert, I am quite prepared to tell you the story of her life."

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

Mrs. Pyecroft turned swiftly to the public gallery. A woman was on her feet. Her face was flushed. She wore a green hat. An usher was moving towards her.

"Silence!" commanded the usher.

by FRANCIS BEEDING

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

"Silence yourself," retorted the woman. "I've been silent long enough and that's a fact."

"My name is Florence," she added, looking rather pointedly at the Attorney-General, "and I was with the gentleman, as he says, on that very night."

Mr. Justice Burrows looked up from his notes. He seemed quite unruffled.

"I direct that the interrupter be brought into the court," he ordered.

A low murmur of conversation filled the overheated room. Helen Pyecroft found she was gripping the edge of the jury-box. This was a sensation. This was drama. She looked interestedly at the Press men who sat staring at this new figure in the play. Clearly it was meat and drink to them.

The woman was standing now in the well of the court. Mr. Justice Burrows leaned forward.

"You recognise the prisoner?"

"Yes, your lordship. And if you don't recognise *me* after all he's been telling you about my green hat and general appearance, I should be surprised."

The buzz in the court was loud enough to drown an exchange of views between Mr. Justice Burrows and the Attorney-General.

"Silence in court," commanded the usher.

"As your lordship pleases," the Attorney-General was saying. "The Crown is quite willing that the witness should be heard."

The prisoner was already leaving the box and the woman was taking his place. Meanwhile Mr. Justice Burrows was addressing Sir Henry Grey.

"Will you examine the witness, Sir Henry?" The formalities were soon completed. The witness gave her name and address: Florence Turner, of no fixed abode.

Mrs. Pyecroft meanwhile had time to note how exactly the description given by the accused of his visitor corresponded with the reality. Evidently that young man had a remarkable gift of observation.

Sir Henry Grey put back his gown.

"Now, Miss Turner, will you please tell the jury why you did not come forward at an earlier stage of the proceedings?"

"Certainly, sir. I've been in hospital."

"In hospital?"

"They found me in 'Yde Park."

"What were you suffering from?"

"The doctor said it was malnutrition—which was a funny name to give it."

"You recognise the prisoner?"

"I do, sir."

"Your recollection of the meeting is quite distinct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you tell the Court, perhaps, why the incident left so deep an impression upon you?"

"He treated me like a lady—which doesn't often happen, if you know what I mean."

"What time did you leave the accused?"

"It was late. Or p'raps I should say it was early. It depends how you look at it."

"The accused has told the Court that he passed the time in conversation."

"He did talk, and no mistake."

"For how long?"

"A matter of two hours, or perhaps not quite so much."

"At what hour did you meet the prisoner?"

"After midnight."

"Thank you, Miss Turner. That concludes my examination, my lord."

The Attorney-General rose.

"You had no knowledge that the accused was taking his trial until this morning?"

"No, sir."

"You had no idea that he was in any way implicated in the present case?"

"No, sir."

(*continued on next page*)

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Continuing The Legacy Murders

"You are prepared to swear that you met the prisoner at midnight on Tuesday, June 6th?"

"I am."

"Why are you so sure that you saw the accused on the night of Tuesday, June 6th?"

"I've only met him once and it was late that night, and on the very next day I was taken to the hospital. He gave me some money and I had a meal. The doctor said it was dangerous to eat hearty on an empty stomach."

The Attorney-General paused as his junior, who had left the court when the witness had given her name, handed him a slip of paper. Sir Robert Lorrimer nodded.

"Tell me, Miss Turner," he said with a greater geniality than he had yet shown, "have you ever appeared in court before?" The witness stiffened.

"I wondered when that was coming," she said sadly and without malice.

"It was at Bow Street, was it not?"

"Go right ahead," said the witness with an air of wistful bravado. "Tell England."

"On the 18th of February of this year," continued the Attorney-General, "you were taken to the cells for making a disturbance in Piccadilly."

"It was the police that made the disturbance. I was only asking to be let alone."

"You were fined on that occasion for drunkenness and disorder. The incident doesn't appear to have made a very deep impression on you, since you appeared again in Bow Street on March 26th. On that occasion you received a sentence of fourteen days."

The witness nodded.

"Holloway," she said. "Not much of a place. Someone ought to complain to the management."

"I see that you have twice been accused of drunkenness, Miss Turner. May I inquire whether on the night you met the accused . . ."

"Sober as a judge," interrupted the witness. "Begging your lordship's pardon, I'm sure," she added hastily, with a frightened smile at Mr. Justice Burrows.

"May we infer that the accused, according to precedent, offered you sandwiches and ginger ale?"

"He treated me, as I've said, like a lady, and he offered me a whisky and soda."

"Which you accepted?"

"But left him as sober as I found him—referring, of course, to myself and not to the young gentleman."

Mr. Justice Burrows leaned forward.

"I see the drift of your cross-examination, Mr. Attorney, but I think the jury has already formed its conclusions as to the disposition and conduct of the witness."

"As your lordship pleases."

"I will now ask you, members of the jury, to retire and consider your verdict."

The jury filed slowly out of the box.

Mr. Stephen Jenks, covering the trial in place of Peter Doubleday, presumed to be lying at the bottom of the English Channel, laid down his pencil and flexed his fingers. Then he, too, rose as the splendid figure of the Judge passed out through the oak door leading to his private room. He pushed past Thorn of the *Daily Gazette* and Forbes of the *News Exchange*, and, hurrying across the lobby outside the court, secured a telephone box.

Ten minutes later, having dictated an account of Mr. Justice Burrows's summing-up, he left the telephone and turned back to the court room. Thorn's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Time for a quick one," he said, and urged Jenks towards the exit.

"Well," said Jenks, "I'm thankful not to be one of the twelve good men and true."

"Two being women," interjected Thorn.

"I should find it difficult to make up my mind," continued Jenks.

"You don't say so," said Thorn. "I was under the impression that you'd as good as hanged the prisoner already in the *Daily Wire*."

Jenks, accommodating his step as best he could to the enormous stride of Thorn, who stood well over six feet four, found himself very shortly beside the bar of the "Green Man," in Fleet Street, with a double sherry in his hand.

"We were all pretty sure that Calcott was guilty at the start," said Jenks, "but the case for the Crown has been badly shaken. Old Burrows has rubbed that well into the jury. Come to think of it, nothing really serious now remains against the accused except the discovery in his room of the pistol that killed Reeves and a packet of the poison that may or may not have killed Miss Tring."

"And quite enough, too."

Jenks shook his head.

"It wasn't proved that he bought the poison or the pistol or that he ever made use of them. I wouldn't hang a man on evidence which might quite conceivably have been planted there for the purpose."

Thorn tapped on the counter.

"Maybe you know best, but I'm thumbs down on this."

Jenks glanced nervously at the clock above the bar.

"We ought to be getting back," he urged.

The lobby at the Old Bailey was crowded and astir. Young men from Brighters, and News Exchange and other agencies were on the alert. All their arrangements had been made. There was a man in the court to signal, as soon as the verdict was given, to another man just outside, who would pass it on to a third man who waited in a telephone box—all this to beat their rivals by a matter of seconds.

The court itself was half empty. Jenks sat down on the hard bench and laid his note-book in front of him. A good deal of conversation was in progress. The clerk of the accused's solicitor was chatting in low tones to the accused's junior counsel. But of Sir Henry Grey or the Attorney-General there was no sign.

Jenks began to deform with scrolls and arabesques the white sheet of his note-book. It began slowly to get dark. He had an overpowering desire to smoke. Presently the lights went up and Jenks glanced at the clock.

By Jove, it was already eight. The jury had retired two hours ago.

How was that poor devil, Edward Calcott, sitting down below in his tiled, hygienic cell, standing the strain? He would be in Cell No. 1 of course, just under the dock where Crippen had sat and Smith who had drowned his wives in their baths and Robert Eldridge of Eastrepps who had paid with his life for the crimes of another. Did their ghosts squeak and jibber in that quiet cell? It must be pretty awful sitting there waiting, wondering, hoping, despairing.

At last. There was a movement at the back of the court. The Judge was coming back. So the jury had agreed on their verdict. A worried young barrister entered hastily and Thorn sat down beside Jenks.

"Two hours and twenty minutes," he whispered.

A loud rap came from somewhere and Jenks rose to his feet as Mr. Justice Burrows entered and sat down. The jury was returning. This was the great moment. One of the women, Jenks noted, the florid one with the untidy hair, had tears on her face. That might or might not be a good sign. The accused had been brought up from his cell and was standing in the front of the wide dock.

The foreman of the jury was on his feet, a little sandy-haired man. The silence in the court was absolute.

"I fear, my lord," said the foreman, "that we cannot agree on our verdict."

"Is there anything which I can do to help you?"

The foreman glanced at his colleagues.

"There is just one point, my lord," he hesitated.

"Some of us," he continued, "are doubtful about the importance we should attach to the evidence of Miss Florence Turner as providing, so to speak, an alibi for the accused."

Mr. Justice Burrows considered a moment.

"That evidence," he said, "is not, to my mind, important as establishing or not establishing an alibi. Even though you accept the testimony of Miss Turner as true in every particular, the accused had time to return to Highwood on the night of June 6th-7th and to commit the crime. The real significance of all that part of the evidence lies in the light it throws on the conduct and character of the accused. He made certain statements regarding the events of that night. Miss Turner's evidence went to confirm those statements.

"Exactly the same significance attaches to the evidence given in respect of the letter alleged to have been sent to the accused by Miss Garnett making with him an appointment on Highwood common on the night Stanton was killed. Whether Miss Garnett did or did not write that letter does not alter the circumstance that the accused was as a matter of fact near the scene of the crime when it was committed. But her statement that she did so, if you believe it, does exonerate the accused from any suspicion of having produced the letter as a blind and does help to explain his presence on the common. We are not, in fact, concerned in either case with proving or disproving an alibi, but in proving or disproving what I may perhaps describe as the good faith of the accused."

He paused and added:

"I will ask the jury to retire again. Remember that I am entirely at your disposal and that there is no time limit to your deliberations."

Jenks shook his head in exasperation. Out went the jury. Out went the Judge. Then Jenks, too, left the court and telephoned once more to his paper.

Jenks yawned heavily, as much from nervous strain as from weariness. It was half-past ten and still the jury were out. How much longer? In the old days they shut up juries without food or water till they had reached a verdict. Jenks wondered whether that was still the practice.

The well of the court was half empty and the faces of the few who remained gleamed white under the electric light.

Suddenly there was a sign of movement.

"Let's hope they have agreed this time," said Jenks to Thorn.

The public galleries, he noted, were full, and even the seats reserved for the friends of the City Fathers were well filled. Hunters after sensation. Ghouls. There was even a man in evening dress who had dropped in after dinner to hear the verdict. Better than the play, of course.

Jenks fixed the man indignantly as he rose to his feet on the entrance of the Judge.

Mr. Justice Burrows sat down.

The jury moved slowly into the box and there, at last, stood the accused. His face was white, but his back was straight enough.

The Clerk of the Court was speaking.

"Members of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

The little sandy-haired foreman leaned forward.

"No, my lord," he answered. "We are still not agreed and I do not think there is any hope of our agreeing."

"Are you quite sure of that, Mr. Foreman? Remember you may take as long as you like."

It was Mr. Justice Burrows speaking.

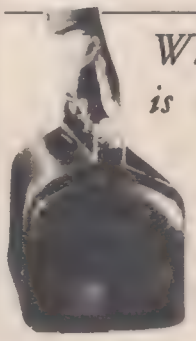
"Thank you, my lord, but I am afraid there is no hope."

Here, Jenks noted, the foreman shot a fierce glance at the woman with grey hair and a rather horsy face who sat stubbornly in the front row.

Mr. Justice Burrows surveyed the jury a moment.

"In that case," he said, "it is my duty to order a re-trial of this case at the next assizes. The jury is discharged."

NEXT WEEK:
Another Mystery



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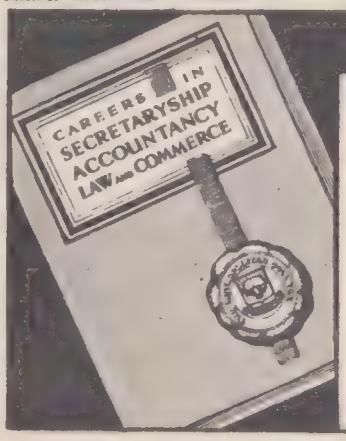

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Adventures

Miriam Hopkins—

by MARY SHARPE—

MR. A. W. HANSON, producer of "The Saturday Magazine" with "In Town To-night," tuned in his radio one night in the early summer to become one of the many million listeners to his own production. He had just left a nursing home after a serious operation, and he sat propped up in an armchair in his own home.

You probably remember what he heard that night. An old marbles champion became distressingly involved with his script. "No, dammit, wait a minute, I've read that once," he said in the middle of it, forgetting the "live" microphone just in front of him. Somebody stepped forward and pointed out the place. "Take your finger away," he cried indignantly, still forgetting the microphone. Anyway, he brought the house down in many homes.

This was merely one of the amusing incidents that "came through" to listeners last season, but there are plenty of adventures "behind the scenes" for those who prepare "The Saturday Magazine" programmes.

I was asked to prepare two visitors for their broadcast; it was their first visit to London, and I arrived at their hotel to find that they had been sight-seeing the whole day. The old lady was tired but helpful, but the old man was not only feeling the strain of his crowded day, but also he had been "treated" so many times by various people that he was very hazy over the whole thing. In fact while I struggled hard for information for the script, he chuckled happily and then fell asleep.

I felt apprehensive about the whole thing. When it came to their rehearsal with Mr. Hanson at Broadcasting House, the old man was still as hazy as before. Not only did he miss all his cues but also he crumpled the paper in front of the microphone.

In the end, while they were broadcasting it was agreed that Bryan Michie should stand behind him and give him a dig in the back to remind him that it was his turn to speak. But he still crumpled the paper.

Mr. Hanson had arranged for him to say something in Gaelic at the end, but when it came to that part the old man was far less hazy than we imagined. He saved himself the cost of a telegram by announcing to all his friends in the Hebrides what time he was arriving home.

The most exciting afternoon I ever spent was when the B.B.C. decided to ask the winner of the International Trophy motor race at Brooklands to broadcast

Of course we did not know whether the winner, whoever he might be, would be agreeable to being snatched off the race track to go to broadcast. We made elaborate preparations—and had an extra item ready in case the worst happened.

All afternoon, while the race was on, I was busy making last-minute arrangements at Brooklands. I was given permission to use a secret exit from Brooklands, and a boy was handed over to me who had the precious key. In this way, I hoped to avoid a good deal of the crowd going out.

While that thrilling last duel was being fought between Prince Birabongse of Siam (who races as "B. Bira") and Raymond Mays, I was waiting in the enclosure where the winner would drive in at the finish.

The young Prince won. This made things more difficult, as I could not approach a royal person direct. While he was drinking his champagne and being crowned with a laurel wreath, I waited with anxious eyes on the clock. It was past six, and we had to get back to Broadcasting House before half-past seven. Endless photographs were taken and a film was made, and then, to my horror, the Prince was taken out of sight to make a speech through the microphone to the crowd at Brooklands.

Then at last I found his cousin, Prince Thula, who manages his affairs, and delivered my message from the B.B.C. At first he threw out his hands and said, "It is impossible." Then he very kindly agreed, and the Prince consented, though he insisted on remaining in his own car for the drive to Broadcasting House.

I was told to wait for them at a certain spot near the track. It was then half-past six and I was almost giving up hope. Suddenly I saw Prince Thula beckoning to me from a large Rolls Royce. Prince Birabongse was sitting in the back, still in his overalls, and with a grimy face. And then began a most hair-raising drive to Broadcasting House.

I had to write the script on a typewriter on my lap on the way. We were going so fast I could hardly type, and I felt

at the 'MIKE'

—and Noel Coward

—who brought many of the celebrities to the microphone in the Saturday Magazine programmes.

as though I was either going to faint or be very sick at any moment.

The Prince was very helpful, and we just managed to finish the script and prepared an announcement as we drove into London. We arrived at Broadcasting House barely five minutes before he was due to go on the air.

We have nearly always been unlucky over animal subjects in "In Town To-night." Jimmy, the hedgehog, was very disappointing in his contempt of broadcasting.

Somebody wrote to Mr. Hanson about a man with a harp and a hedgehog, who was seen travelling round Berkshire, and suggested him for the programme. The hedgehog, apparently, was very tame, and its master lived at Wallingford.

I was told to investigate, and as the next best thing to seeing people who are to broadcast is to hear them on the telephone, I wrote to the hedgehog man asking him to speak to me on the telephone.

The next evening he telephoned, and Jimmy, the hedgehog, joined in the conversation by sneezing when the hedgehog man spoke to him. I was far more interested in the history of Jimmy than I was in the hedgehog man's harp playing, but it was a difficult thing to explain delicately over an indistinct telephone.

The hedgehog man came to my flat on the day of his broadcast as I had to write his script. Jimmy was in excellent spirits. He arrived inside his little wooden house and travelling theatre combined, but accepted an invitation to leave it and make friends.

Out he waddled, looking rather like an old woman bundling out of bed, his sharp little eyes looking round to see what was happening. Then he drew himself to the full height of his quaint skinny legs, and walked awkwardly across the room, leaving a trail of straws on the carpet as they dropped off his prickles.

When the hedgehog man spoke to him he gave quaint little barks and sneezes, his intended performance on the radio. Round his waist Jimmy had a bright red ribbon with a bell on it, and he had more bells, a musical box, some dolls and a ball inside his house.

And then came the unhappy rehearsal at the B.B.C.

Jimmy's morning spirits sank to zero when he entered Broadcasting House. In vain everybody tried to make him feel at home. His private house was allowed on the table near the microphone. The producer ordered bread and milk for him, but Jimmy retired rudely into his prickles and sank into an impenetrable sleep. Either the conditioned air or the journey from the country had been too much for him.

Time was short so the rehearsal went on without him. When it was over the hedgehog man took him out into Portland Place for a walk, and that seemed to liven him for he uncurled immediately and went for quite a brisk walk—for a hedgehog. Things looked hopeful and the hedgehog man came back smiling. But in a short time Jimmy was overcome again, and he behaved like a very ordinary little hedgehog through the entire performance.

The last programme of the season was also the centenary of "In Town To-night," and as the high-spot of the evening we had Noel Coward and Miriam Hopkins, who were to be host and hostess at the theatrical garden party the following week.

Mr. Hanson sent me to see Noel Coward and I found him in a very attractive house somewhere near Victoria. It had a long stone passage leading to the front door and his bedroom is like a landing that looks down over his big drawing room with a crazy little staircase leading up to it from a passage downstairs.

He wrote his own dialogue, and as you will remember it was delightfully Noel Cowardish and witty.

Rosita Forbes wrote her own script on the backs of several old envelopes while she was at the hairdresser. How she ever managed to read it at the microphone puzzled us considerably.

Most of the film stars arrive to broadcast in their best dresses, looking as if they have stepped straight out of a beauty parlour. But Miriam Hopkins charmed us all by coming unceremoniously in a skirt and jumper with the skirt half undone, rebellious looking hair and hardly a scrap of make-up. Both she and Mr. Coward were very charming and were two of the nicest celebrities we have entertained.

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COMPLETE STORY
by
OLIVER STRANGE

Illustrated by Bertram Prance

WARNED by a certain liveliness in the office, Silas Stemn glanced at the clock; it was ten minutes to one. Already Miss Tapp, the typist, had pulled the oilcloth cover over her machine and was busy with lipstick and mirror; the two male clerks were reaching for their towels. For it was Saturday.

Stemn made one more meticulous entry, ticked it off on the list beside him, closed the ledger and carried it to the safe. Then he returned to straighten up his desk. Then pen was restored to its rack, the blotting-pad nicely adjusted in the centre of the slope, and every document examined before being consigned to the wastepaper basket or replaced in the desk itself.

Though he hated the office as much as any of them he was always the last to leave, feeling, in some indefinite way, that it was his duty, especially on the last day of the week, when Burdle—his employer—rarely put in an appearance. So he pottered about until first the girl and then the youths, with a perfunctory "Mornin', Mr. Stemn," had departed. They never called him "sir" and at first it had rankled, since all his life he had been accustomed to so address his superiors, but now he had ceased to expect it. He himself was the only one who still used this old form of deference to their employer.

"Dry old stick, Stemn," Knebbit, the younger clerk remarked as they clattered down the wooden stairs, and then laughed. "Not so bad, that, Tadley, eh? Stick—Stemn, see? Sort o' thing you might've thought of."

Tadley, having once had a letter printed in an obscure journal, affected literary leanings and was reputed—on his own authority—to be writing a book.

"Too obvious," he said patronisingly. "All right for you, of course, but. . . ."

Knebbit grinned; he was used to these little vanities.

"What you doin' this afternoon?" he asked.

"I may drop in and look at Chelsea for an hour."

"I'd rather play than watch, any day," Knebbit said. "Thought you weren't interested in football."

"I'm not, but the sight of the common herd amusing itself always appeals to the observer," Tadley said loftily.

"Which was why you wanted to take Tappy to the pictures the other night, eh?"

Tadley flushed; he was not aware that his attempt at gallantry was known.

"Merely a friendly gesture to a fellow-worker," he replied.

"Oh, yeah," Knebbit retorted, with what he fondly believed to be the real American accent. "Try me, next time, Tad—you'll have better luck. Hell, I shall be late. See you Monday."

Silas Stemn, having dismissed the errand-boy and locked up, was lunching on a poached egg and coffee in a tea-shop instead of the modest eating-house to which he usually went. Such a departure from the routine of years had a significance and, in truth, this was a Day of Achievement. Two long years of waiting and self-denial were to be rewarded. For Silas, this withered, grey-haired little man of over fifty, was in love.

Despatching the meal, more as a habit than because he wanted it, his mind went back to that wonderful evening when—leaving the office a trifle earlier—he had decided to walk to the terminus from which, six days in the week, he caught a train and was conveyed to the suburban box-like building he called "home."

Passing along a back street, he had halted at the window of a jeweller, though why, he could never after determine. There, reclining on a bed of blue velvet, lay the object of his passion—a single-stone diamond ring. Silas was not interested in trinkets, life for him had always been too much a matter of rent, food, clothes, school fees, and other necessities, but he was suddenly conscious of a violent craving to own just such a gaud as the one before him.

Avidly he gazed at it, moving from side to side so that the red fire gleamed in its depths. He lifted his left hand, trying to vision it wearing the ring. His eyes went back to the bauble and he began dimly to understand why men stole. He had an insane impulse to smash the window, but instead, walked into the shop; it would be something just to hold the ring and try it on.

"Twenty-five pounds, and dirt cheap," the shopkeeper said as he reached the article from the window. "It's a fine stone. Good investment too—always got your money there, not like some of these gim-crack stocks and shares."

Silas slipped the jewel on his little finger—it fitted perfectly. He moved his hand up and down so that the flame streamed from the stone. He was like a child with a new toy, fascinated, and, when at length he took the thing off it seemed to him that the gold band clung, as though reluctant to leave him.

"I couldn't pay for it at once and it might take some time, but if you kept the ring. . . ." Silas said tentatively.

"That'll be all right, sir," the jeweller said, giving him the title for the first time. "Pay when and how you please."

So it was arranged, and Silas emerged from the shop a dazed man. What madness had he been guilty of? Twenty-five pounds! Where was he to find such a sum? And without his wife's knowledge—for Mrs. Stemn was fully acquainted with her husband's finances, taking charge of his pay and doling out what she considered sufficient for his personal expenditure. Any suggestion that he needed more would be futile, as he knew from experience.

He must make sacrifices. Walking from and to the terminus would save twopence a day and be good for him; he could smoke less—it would not do to give it up entirely for that would mean a reduction in his allowance; the glass of beer with his lunch could be dispensed with. Such petty privations would provide a sum of five shillings a week, and in two years. . . .

Now he was to receive his reward. The waiting had been less wearisome than he expected. Every week he had called at the shop, paid his instalment, and worshipped anew at the shrine of his love. The tradesman—accepting him as an eccentric—confined his conversation to topics of the day as he made out the receipt.

Stemn could hardly wait to finish his lunch, but on the threshold of the shop he dallied for a moment, trying to recapture the thrill of the evening he had first entered it. The jeweller greeted him with a smile.

"Come to collect your ring, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," Silas said. "This is the last payment, I think."

A book was produced and consulted. "Quite right, sir," the tradesman nodded. He made a final entry, swung open the door of the safe, and handed over the ring. Stemn's heart leapt as he slipped the slim gold band on his finger, watching the fires wake in the jewel. His voice shook as he unconsciously voiced his thought:

"It's worth it."

The other did not understand. "You certainly have a bargain, sir," he said. "Diamonds have gone up, and the value of that stone to-day is every penny of thirty pounds."

Walking to the terminus Silas was aware of a singular feeling of elation, and was guilty of the unusual extravagance of smoking two cigarettes solely because they gave him an opportunity of displaying his purchase. The beatific smile on his sedate features would have amazed his colleagues at the office.

(*continued on page* 30)

London Bus Driver

Praises

Yeast-Vite

IN 10 MINUTES

MY

HEADACHE WAS GONE

MY

NERVES WERE STEADY

Earlsfield, S.W.18.

Dear Sirs,

A deep sense of gratitude compels me to write and tell you how valuable YEAST-VITE has been to me. I do not know what I should have done without your World-Famous Tonic. Being now aged 45, I felt myself growing old and feeling really run-down. I had violent attacks of Indigestion and my "nerves" were getting very ragged.

My job as a London Bus Driver is one of great responsibility, and as every motorist knows, driving about the London streets is very nerve-racking. I knew I needed a tonic quickly and tried many without any real benefit. Then one day, having a bad headache and feeling very groggy at the end of one journey, a pal said to me, "You're looking pretty rough . . . why don't you try YEAST-VITE?"

I got some at once. In ten minutes my headache was gone . . . my nerves were steady and I felt fresher than when I started the day. Since then I have taken a regular course of YEAST-VITE, with the result that my health is 100 per cent. better, my Indigestion has gone and I feel 10 years younger!

I am never without YEAST-VITE in my pocket. I find a tablet now and again keeps my nerves steady, my stomach sound, my vitality up to the mark, and my mental powers alert and keen.

I confidently recommend YEAST-VITE to all who are in need of a quick and lasting Tonic. There is nothing else in the World as good, I am convinced.

Yours sincerely,

F. C. Blossom.

YEAST-VITE RELIEVES

NERVE PAINS - -	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES - - -	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE- - - -	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION - - -	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" - - -	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION - -	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION- - -	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS -	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM - -	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION - -	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	In 36 HOURS

YEAST-VITE is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae). Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by specialists.

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded.

Yeast-Vite is Life! Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age!!

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere. 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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are so attractive that everyone admires and wants them › › › ›

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8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	3 1 0	4/-	5/6
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	3 7 6	4/3	6/3
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	3 13 6	4/6	6/6
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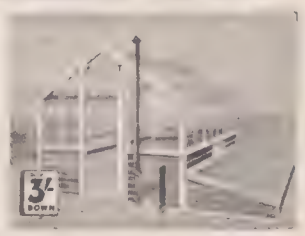

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Long	Wide	High	Cash Price	Dep.	M'ly.
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	£4 3 6	5/-	7/7
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Span Roof Greenhouses

Long	Wide	High	Cash Price	Dep.	M'ly.
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0	3/-	4/11
7½ft.	5 ft.	8½ft.	3 2 0	3/6	5/7
8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	3 19 0	4/-	7/2
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	4 3 6	4/6	7/7
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	6 7 6	5/-	11/7

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GET THIS STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more—so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon *moisture* proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ball rooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Amazing, Newly-Discovered "Radi-Electrified" Liquid

MAKES YOUR HAIR GROW

Brings "Dead" Roots to Life, Stops Falling, Greying, Scurfiness.

A marvellous, new scientific triumph—a glinting, greeny-gold, *NON-GREASY* liquid that is "electrified" with RADIO-ACTIVITY—*makes* your hair grow; rich, abundant, lustrous with "life" and sparkle. It is called "THERA." There is nothing else like it in the world.

BIG SIZE TRIAL BOTTLE FOR "PASSING SHOW" READERS

Poor, lifeless, straggling, thinning hair is revitalised. NEW hair grows on bald places. Falling, breaking and splitting is stopped at once. Scurf simply disappears—so wonderful is the action of RADIO-ACTIVITY on the hair and scalp. You can PROVE this yourself by accepting NOW the Big-Size Trial Bottle.

MAKE THIS TEST NOW

Men can prove it and look years and years younger; women can prove it and be the envy of their friends. ("Thera" also keeps waves in for twice the usual time.) *Children can prove it just as easily.* With each trial bottle is sent a fully descriptive leaflet about this marvellous Radio-Active Hair Grower and Revitalising Tonic Dressing. You simply cannot afford to miss this chance, whatever your age or occupation.

BIG-SIZE TRIAL Coupon

To THERA LABORATORIES, 323 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Please send at once under plain cover, Big-Size Trial Bottle of "THERA." I enclose 6d. to cover part expenses.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Or enclose 4/- for a full month's supply. Use half the bottle and if not absolutely satisfied return it and we will refund your money in full.

CONTINUING

Diamond's Delight

"I'm like a girl who's just got engaged," he told himself.

During the train journey, he tried to picture the astonishment of his family; they would see that the old man was not such a fool as they fancied; flushed with success, it had not occurred to him that they might view the matter from a different angle. But as he approached his home, doubts crept in; once he removed and slipped the ring into a vest pocket, only to replace it a moment later.

"Damned if I do," he muttered, and the mild oath betrayed the state of his mind, for Silas seldom swore.

His wife, wearing her habitual expression of acid discontent, greeted him apathetically.

"You're late," she said, and then, sharply: "How did you come by that ring?"

The facetious answer, implying that it came from Burdle—regarded in the Stemn household as the world's meanest man—remained unuttered; Silas told the bald story of his self-denial and his wife listened, incredulity patent in her eyes.

"I don't believe it," she cried, when he had finished. "It's just a story you have made up; you have had a rise and——"

"Read it for yourself," Silas broke in, and flung the little book recording his payments on the table.

Convinced, the woman promptly attacked from another point.

"Twenty-five pounds!" she shrilled. "Your wife and children may starve but you must have a fine jewel to deck yourself."

The injustice of it roused Stemn to unwonted anger.

"If you are starving you must be wasting my money—*my* money, remember and the money paid for the ring was mine too, saved out of the pittance I'm allowed to keep for myself."

The undignified wrangle was renewed again when the children came home. They took their mother's side. Sybille, twenty-six, with henna'd hair and stained finger-nails, the lower middle-class embodiment of the "bright young thing," shrugged her thin shoulders in lofty disgust.

"I do think, father, you might have found a better use for the money," she protested. "It may please you to swank about with a diamond on your finger, but the rest of us would rather have a comfortable home. . . ."

"Twenty-five quid!" interjected her brother, a weedy, narrow-chested youth who affected loud shirts and worked in a garage. "I could've bought that motor-bike. . . ."

Silas Stemn's patience was at an end; this was not the reception he had looked for.

"If you want a motor-bike you'd better do what I did—save the price of it," he snapped. "Cut down your beer and tobacco, and spend your evenings at home instead of in a billiards-room." He whirled round on his daughter. "As for you, miss, if this place isn't good enough for you, find some other man who will be ready to slave in order to provide you with a better one."

He stalked out of the room before any of them could reply

"Hell, either he's drunk or that darned ring has turned his head," the boy said.

"What's the use of a diamond to an old man?" Sybille asked.

The reply was unexpected. "You'd better remember you're speaking of your father," the older woman said tartly. "We've done our best for you both and precious little gratitude we get. Why shouldn't we have some pleasure once in a while?"

She was almost frightened—she did not know her husband in this guise, and besides, parental authority must be maintained.

Song of the Ocean

Send immediately for "The Wonderful Book of the Sea" in which you will find all the drama and the glamour of the Seven Seas. This guinea book with its 200,000 words of romance and five hundred illustrations can be bought by PASSING SHOW readers for only 2s. 9d., plus one shilling for postage. But the offer remains open only until Tuesday. So hurry!

Meanwhile Stemn was heading for the local hostelry. He was not a drinking man but it was his habit to call there on Saturday evening for a quiet glass and a chat with his small circle of friends. Usually one of the least prominent, the spot of flame on his finger pushed him right into the limelight.

"Hello, where'd you get the Koh-i-noor, Stemn?" Munsey asked. "Must be one o' Wellworth's best."

"I'll buy a thousand like it at their price," Silas smiled. "What do you say, Tulton?"

The man addressed fished a watch-maker's glass from his pocket and studied the stone; he owned a jeweller's shop in the district. Silas waited with some anxiety, having just remembered that he knew nothing about gems; it might be a clever fraud. Tulton was speaking:

"If you want to sell it, Stemn, I'll give you twenty pounds—cash."

Silas laughed relievedly. "And make ten profit," he said.

"Possibly," the other admitted, "but I might have to wait a year for a customer."

"Brought off a 'smash and grab,' Silas?" a third quizzed.

"No, I saw it offered for sale in the City and took a fancy to it," Stemn replied carelessly.

Satisfied that his purchase was worth what he had paid, he was now enjoying himself. At home it had brought discomfort, but here he was reaping a return for his sacrifice. He had become of importance in the eyes of his fellow-men, and, being human, the fact that they envied him did not lessen his pleasure.

"Chap who can buy a thirty-quid diamond ought to be able to pay for a round," Munsey said slyly.

"That's where you're wrong," Silas grinned. "He's just the one who can't afford to."

Nevertheless, he bought the drinks, though it was the custom for each to pay his own. But this was a special occasion, and besides, now the ring was paid for, he would have more to spend again, unless his wife... The liquor and the attention he was receiving made him more lenient. Perhaps she didn't have much of a time after all, and the parlour carpet *was* very worn; they had bought it when they married, nearly thirty years ago.

"I'll rush old Burdle for a rise and she shall have it all," he decided.

Sunday was the day of the week Silas most enjoyed. He spent it at home, smoking and pottering about in his small garden, joking amiably with his family. But on this particular Sunday things were awry. Though no reference was made to the ring, there was an air of discomfort. They were studiously polite to him, which was not the wonted procedure, and all three conveyed the impression of beings suffering ill-treatment with uncomplaining fortitude. Silas, who had risen with the intention of trying to look at the matter from their point of view also, soon soured in this atmosphere of martyrdom and went for a solitary walk, mainly in order to admire his new possession free from the feeling that reproachful eyes were upon him. It proved the most miserable Sunday he could remember and, for once in his life, Monday morning was welcome.

He enjoyed the journey to town, revelling in the covert glances of his fellow-passengers. At the office he was not disappointed. A prolonged "Coo!" from the errand-boy was a tribute in itself; the two clerks raised their eyebrows and whispered.

"Always thought he was stuffy," Knebbit said. "Bet he's got a tidy bit tucked away. If that stone's real. . . ."

"It is; you can't tell me anything about diamonds—we had some of our own, before the crash."

Knebbit suppressed a smile. Tadley's vague references to "the family" and a financial cataclysm which had resulted in his suffering the indignity of earning a living, always amused him. Neither of the youths ventured a comment to Mr. Stemn, but the typist, with the privilege of her sex, was not so reticent.

"Oh, what a gorgeous ring, Mr. Stemn," she cried. "Did someone leave it to you?"

"No, I bought it," Silas told her. "Foolish perhaps, an old fellow like me, eh?"

She was thinking just that, but what she said was:

"I don't agree; if people can afford beautiful things, why shouldn't they have them. If anyone gave me a ring like that. . . ."

Knebbit nudged his companion. "Pity about that crash, Tad, ain't it?" he said slyly.

Silas felt pleased, not because he cared a snap about the typist or her opinion, but he sensed that his apparent affluence had given him a status he had never yet attained in the eyes of his fellow-workers, which was a compensation for the disruption of his domestic atmosphere.

The arrival of their employer was the signal for Silas to take in the correspondence. Burdle, a stockily-built, overfed man in the late forties, stared at his clerk's finger for a moment and then asked the inevitable question:

"Had a present, Stemn?"

"No, sir, I purchased it," Silas replied, with a pride which preceded a fall.

"The devil you did!" Burdle grunted. "Always thought I was paying you too much; I can't afford diamond rings."

Silas mentally cursed himself for a vain fool; there went any hope of an increase in his meagre salary. He ought to have thought. . . . He had destroyed his own case. For the first time he regarded his treasure reproachfully. As he went out his employer picked up the phone, and a little later he was again summoned.

"The accountants will be in to-morrow," Burdle said shortly.

Stemn returned to his desk fuming; the auditors were not due for a month. Did the idiot think he was robbing him? He felt like bearding Burdle in his den, but Tadley would do his work for less pay, and jobs—at his age—were hard to get.

He was still perturbed when he went to lunch, and failed to notice the attention his ring received from a couple of rough-looking customers in the opposite cubicle. "Pipe the sparkler, Bill," one of them whispered. "Don't look the kind to be wearin' that."

"Nothin' to go on," was the reply. "One o' the luxuries o' the rich is they can afford to dress shabby. That stone's worth tryin' for."

So, when Silas returned to the office, two slinking figures dogged his footsteps and watched him enter.

It was dark when he left and a wet fog had crept up the river and was invading the streets. Silas, having decided that the only way to achieve a new carpet was to recommence his economies—for to sell the ring would mean surrender and ridicule—started to walk to the terminus. Passing along a narrow alley which constituted a short cut, he heard the patter of following feet, but that was to be expected; he was in the midst of the greatest city in the world and no thought of danger disturbed him. Then thunder crashed in his head and he went down. Two vague forms, like birds of prey, hovered over him, hands busy.

"Gawd, Bill, you've done 'im in," one muttered. "What's that?" The muffled measured tread familiar to every member of the underworld came closer. "A cop. Beat it!"

Noiselessly the shadows melted into the murk. The policeman shone his light on the limp, untidy heap they had left behind. From the outstretched, nerveless fingers of one hand a diamond gleamed like the eye of a malicious imp.

NEXT WEEK

- Once a year Britain's Scientists spend a week talking "shop." They discuss their discoveries and air their theories and the results often change our lives. They meet again next week so Vincent Brome has written PROFESSORS ON PARADE in which he describes the
- work of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. And there is fiction by Stanley Brotherton, Spencer Cooper and Frank King.

LEG ULCERS and SKIN DISEASES ENDED

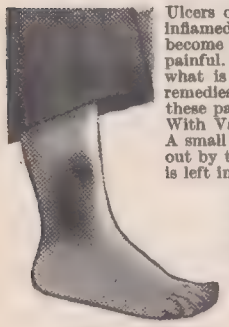
WHY DO YOU SUFFER SO LONG?

HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, the National Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets and plaisters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.
It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

LEG ULCERS—AND THEIR CURE



Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.
With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS—

You must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are, indeed, most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

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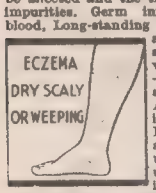

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities. Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Plants—as with gardeners, Irritate sensitive skins and also set an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested, and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.

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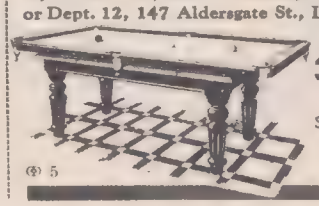

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WHAT I am going to relate happened during my first year in a bank. I was sixteen, and up to then had led an uneventful life. It has not been exciting since, so I treasure memories of the only spot of drama which ever came my way.

Even so, it is Richard Vermulen's story rather than mine. As his name suggests, he was of Belgian extraction, but his father was a naturalised Englishman, and his mother hailed from Dundee. He was a fellow bank clerk, and aged twenty-three when I met him.

We palled up right away. He had had a romantic career, having enlisted in the army at the age of fifteen, and served through the whole of the war. But he was modest about it, though he possessed medals for bravery which are very hard to earn.

He was a fine athlete. One of the finest amateurs that ever won a match. He excelled at cricket and soccer. He could box with the best. And he was the perfect sportsman in everything he did.

He made bank existence much easier for me. People were kind to me because they liked my friend. And he helped me to conquer the shyness which had formerly been my curse.

Presently, however, Richard gave me a shock. He was going to be married, he said.

I actually felt jealous, but only for a while. His girl was charming. It was evident that she wasn't likely to come between us. I was pleased for Richard's sake. At the wedding I was his best man.

When Richard came back to the office after his honeymoon he and I were inseparable, as we had been before. We were in the same department, which meant that we could go out to lunch and tea together. Not to mention morning coffee and our habit of occupying adjoining adding-machines. Then there was the games question. We were both in the first soccer eleven and the second cricket team.

Mary, his wife, used to come and watch us play. She and her husband were a devoted couple. She was five years younger than he.

One afternoon I ricked my ankle badly and had to hobble from the field. The groundsman bound it up for me and assisted me to a chair in the pavilion next to Richard's wife. She was very sympathetic, and when I had explained that I needed no further treatment for my injury at present we talked of other things.

● "When I was demobbed, I smuggled home a Mauser pistol. . ."

"I worry about Richard at times," she told me. "As you know, he can be so dreadfully reckless. I want you to promise me that you'll do your best to stop him when he does something rash."

It was difficult to answer, because I looked up to Richard and I couldn't forget that he was older than I. It wasn't likely that he would let me dictate to him. Turning to Mary Vermulen, I hinted as much to her.

She shook her head and smiled.

"You underrate yourself, Jack," she said. "Dick thinks the world of you, and speaks of you as a monument of sense. You have a big influence over him. I am certain of that."

I was busy with my thoughts. I knew what Mary meant. Richard *was* reckless. Several of his escapades revived in my mind.

For example, he had thrashed a giant carter for ill-treating his horse. It had been an epic battle. Fourteen stone against ten-stone-six. Ten-stone-six had won.

Both Richard and the defeated carter had appeared at the Mansion House, where the bench had dismissed Richard and fined the carter for cruelty to his horse. The bank also forgave Richard for being concerned in a public brawl. But the bank's good nature has its limitations. Much of that type of notoriety will get a man the sack.

Richard wasn't boastful. At any rate, he never threatened unless he was willing to perform. But he had a fatal weakness. "I dare you to" or "I'll bet you can't" were challenges he never could resist. Someone had only to suggest that a thing was beyond him and the thing was as good as done.

Reverting to Mary Vermulen, I gave her my word to steer her husband clear of folly to the best of my powers. Not that I was confident of my ability to keep him out of danger of the innocent sort. Nor did I reckon to be tested as I was tested soon.

Mary Vermulen fell ill. Hers was a serious complaint. One that required expensive treatment, no worry and plenty of fresh air. Richard worked overtime to ensure her all these things.

She began to improve and Richard was moved to another department at about the same time. It was promotion for Richard, but he didn't like it much as he hated his new chief.

One of Richard's duties was to prepare important figures for a general manager each day. These statistics had to be in by eleven o'clock in the morning, signed by Richard's chief. The general manager was a martinet. It was rumoured of him that he would as soon sack a clerk as shake him by the hand.

Richard's chief was an unreliable man with a fondness for drink. His understudy and toady was a thirsty person, too. And they both hated Richard, who was not only considerably their

"Where's the Ink?"

"WHERE'S THE INK?" How many times is that question put by husband to wife or vice versa during the course of a year? Probably hundreds. It is a paradox that a bottle of ink, which is one of the necessities of our daily lives, is often so difficult to find in the home.

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TALE of TWO Turncoats

junior, but the sole member of their staff.

Trouble was inevitable.

"Heard about old Vermulen?" someone asked me one day.

"No," I answered surprisedly. "What's he been up to now?"

"He's been late with Carter's figures every morning this week. Carter is furious. Vermulen's on the mat."

Carter was the general manager. I felt frightened. Anything might be done to Richard. He might even get the sack.

I went to look for him, and found him in a reckless mood. But it was a bitter recklessness. Not the usual happy-go-lucky sort.

"What's wrong, Dick?" I enquired.

"I've been carpeted," he told me. "Tebbs and Snaith have used me as a shield. It's serious, Jack. Carter may get me sacked for what I'm supposed to have done."

Tebbs was Richard's chief. Snaith was the second man.

"Carter's figures have been ready all this week at ten-forty-five," Richard explained. "Unfortunately, though, the statement hasn't been signed until after twelve o'clock."

"Why not?" I said.

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

"Tebbs and Snaith know a place round the corner where they can get whisky out of hours," he answered. "That's why they've been missing when the statement should be signed."

"That's easy, then," I hazarded. "You can put Carter wise."

"There are two of them," Richard spoke grimly. "They are senior men with good records behind them. They have already sworn that I'm the one who dodges out in the mornings. There are no witnesses on my side. No one ever comes into our office before lunch. As you know, we're a kind of backwater. Carter believes what Tebbs and Snaith have said. And he thinks I'm a liar. They've poisoned his mind, you see."

"But man," I protested, "you can't let 'em get away with it like this!"

"I'm not going to let them get away with it, Jack," he returned slowly. "If I'm sacked and have to face poverty, the shock will kill Mary. At the age when you were still at school I was killing Germans who hadn't done me any harm. I shall know how to deal with Carter, if Mary has to die."

I gazed at him in frightened bewilderment. I had never seen anything so terrifying as his lean, hard face.

"What are you going to do?" I gasped.

We were in the cloak-room. Around us were washing basins. Behind us was a row of lockers. Our coats were hanging on the handles of two of these.

"When I was demobbed," said Richard, "I smuggled home a Mauser pistol which once belonged to a German officer. As luck will have it, there are four cartridges in the magazine. One for Carter. One each for Tebbs and Snaith. And the last one for me."

The room whirled round. I leant against the wall.

"But you can't do that!" I cried.

"You're my pal," said Richard simply. "If you want to get me imprisoned, you can go to the police."

His words were like a blow above the heart. It was all so painfully clear. If I went to the police, he would be arrested and dismissed from the bank. The shock would be too much for Mary. Her death would lie at my door.

I knew that I couldn't do it. I suppose I was a coward. As an extenuating circumstance I can only plead that I was still just a boy.

Richard looked at his watch.

"The zero hour," he said. "Here's for Carter, and my fate."

I saw him put his coat on. I was vaguely conscious that his fingers crushed my hand.

"No use prolonging the agony," I heard him say: "The first five minutes will tell me how it's going. If it's going against me, it's then I'm going to shoot."

The next half hour was the most miserable of my life. I was haunted by the thought of what might happen. The suspense was unbearable, especially when I realised that thirty minutes had passed. It might already be over. I was on the sixth floor of the building. The general management was on the first. It was probable that the sound of shooting in Carter's room would not reach my ears.

I could stand it no longer. Rising, I slipped on my coat. I must see what had happened. I moved towards the door.

Outside on the landing I came face-to-face with Richard. His expression was strangely softened. He caught me by the arm.

"Ease springs, Jack," he said. "You look like a ghost."

"Have you . . . ? Have you . . . ?" I began, but somehow I couldn't finish what was in my mind.

"It's all right," said Richard soothingly. "They haven't sacked me, Jack."

I stared incredulously at him. I simply couldn't speak.

"The place where Tebbs and Snaith drank out of hours was raided this morning," he said. "The barmaid told the police about them. The police informed the bank. I suppose the barmaid was frightened into giving a list of her ten o'clock customers. Anyhow, that's done for Tebbs and Snaith. They're sacked instead of me."

"Carter played with them like a cat with a mouse," he concluded. "He was against me in the first five minutes, just to egg them on."

"You were going to shoot after the first five minutes," I said, finding my voice at last.

Richard smiled gently.

"I left my gun in my coat," he said.

Understanding came to me. He and I were of the same height and build. Both our suits were blue. He had my jacket on. I was wearing his.

When I put my hand in the pocket of the jacket I had on I felt the Mauser's deadly butt. It was then that I fainted.

That was many years ago. But I still smile inwardly when someone says to me: "It must be dull in a bank."

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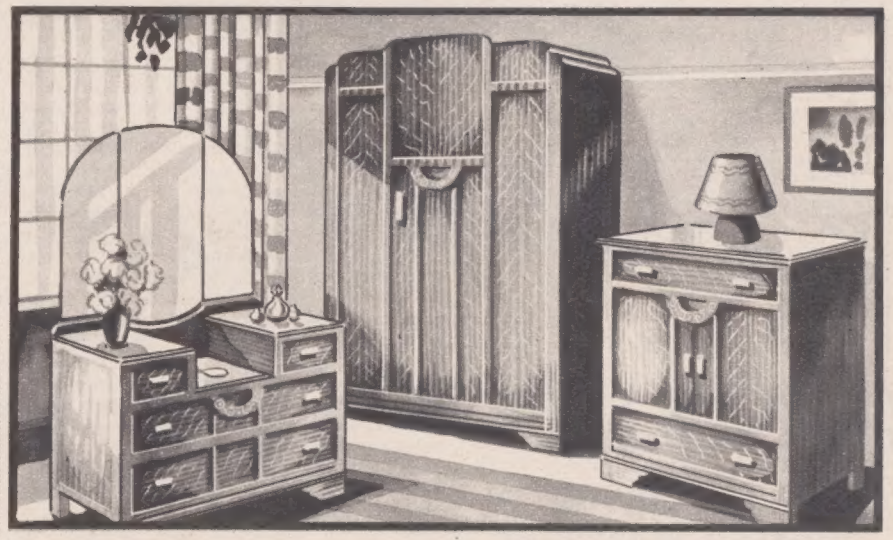

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You're Telling Us!

LET IT NOT cast a chill on light-hearted youth if a passing mention be made of the spooks, hobgoblins, metaphysical banshees, grass widows and blondes that disturb the mental peace of so many of our dear correspondents. One half of them seem to think that the answer to everybody's problems lies on the lap of a dictator; in fact, all they need do is to find the dictator.

The other half believe that life is a struggle not against international bankers, cars with L on the bonnet, girls with plucked eyebrows and flag-sellers, but against dictatorship. Personally we think that a dictatorship is one of these ill-conceived shibboleths invented to help lame political theories over stiles. It may be pointed out that as yet nobody has asked our opinion of dictators, and that, of course, is very true, but we thought we ought to declare ourselves on this subject before anybody else suggests that we should take steps to enter this sinister business of skull-duggery and blandishment.

WE HAVE from time to time imagined ourselves as engine drivers, as policemen, as secret service agents, as the Man with the Chinese Eyes, as tough third officers in bug-ridden barques, as surgeons and even as editors but we have never trembled with private ecstasy at the thought of wearing a dictator's top boots. Our day-dreams have as a rule been given substance by the author whose books were popular with us at the time, and as we have never yet found an author who could make a hero out of a dictator we are not likely to suffer in that direction.

Actually even Nature, who seems to be able to accomplish most miracles, does not seem to be able to make a hero out of the common clay from which dictators fashion themselves; the material we fear is far too base. It is said that a knave feels he is a fool if he is not making a fool out of somebody else; probably a dictator feels he is a fool if he is not making a tool out of somebody.

Yet, there is something to be said, it seems, for the man who is never content. So strongly does John Wilson, junior, of Falkirk, believe in this that he wants to put the Grouser, as he calls his malcontent, on a pedestal; he wants to shout from the housetops and cry out in the streets calling the faithful to worship at the feet of his tin god.

ALL THE WORLD loves a lover," he says, "but let us descend from these high and heavenly heights of emotion to the material comforts of the earth where we find that it is not to the lover that we owe our creature comforts, but to the grouser whose efforts to better this world are sadly despised. The Grouser who travelled by train complained so often of dust-laden, shabby, uncomfortable railway carriages that we now travel in comfort; the boarding house grouser complained so vigorously that the food in these establishments is now nearly edible; even the Minister of Transport had to pay attention to the Grouser who complained unceasingly about narrow bumpy roads.

THEREFORE, LET US set the Grouser on the Pedestal of Civilisation so that we may gather round to pay homage," adds John Wilson, junr., fully aflame with the beauty of this tremendous thought. There was even a time when Bernard Shaw believed something of the kind.

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world," he said. "The unreasonable man persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man."

With all due respect to George Bernard Shaw and John Wilson, junr., we would like to ask in a whisper why we should be so delighted about the Progress accomplished by the unreasonable grousers; we know that progress has rid us of the discomforts of elastic side boots, suits of armour, stage coaches and small-pox and given us the security of a gas mask, but all things considered we won't be much better off than our grandfathers despite all modern conveniences, including high explosives, if we are to start bowing down to tin gods.

All the same a sound business instinct keeps our friends grousing so that we shan't guess how little they have to grumble about. There is Charlie Wilcox who pretends to be annoyed because somebody has written to *The Times* saying he has seen a kingfisher under London Bridge.

"There is nothing funny about this," snaps Charlie. "How did he know it wasn't a sparrow returning from a week-end in a dye works? And even if he were right, what is a mere kingfisher?

"I once saw a mermaid under London Bridge. I knew she was a real mermaid because she nibbled a pea-nut that I threw to her. I always carry pea-nuts, especially at night to guard against night starvation. In fact I have a special peanut pocket on my pyjamas. I had it sewn on the middle of the back at first so that the peanuts wouldn't give me a pain in the neck when I turned over, but I found it was difficult to reach the pocket without getting out of bed and taking the pyjama jacket off. So now I carry them in the breast pocket as well and sleep on my side, which goes to prove you can do anything if you try hard enough."

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

To pay homage.

... that has not been unbuttoned.

AND THEN THERE is Alfred Payne complaining about shirts. "How long has nature's noblest work to suffer slow strangulation getting into a shirt that has not been unbuttoned," he asks with charming simplicity. "Why not shirts that open from John o' Groats to Land's End, so to speak?" (If only this letter had reached us a hundred years ago we might have been able to see the original unreasonable man adapting a shirt to himself. . . .)

"A pyjama jacket does not open from neck to solar plexus and then decide to stay put in one blank piece," adds A. Payne. "Why should a shirt? After all a shirt is very near and dear to us, and while we put the best into it, surely we should be allowed to take the best out."

NEXT ON THE LIST is wee Jenny Taylor, a Glasgow lass, who is angry because everybody seems to hold "fluffy typists" in contempt. "I am one of those fluffy typists," she says, "and believe me, if we were not just a little silly and sentimental half the business men in Great Britain would be laid up in Homes. We have developed the morning tea habit not because we like drinking tea—we would prefer cocktails" (we don't believe you, Jenny) "but because of the thrill we get out of going to the boss with a cup of tea and a sickly biscuit perched on the saucer.

"This creates just a little domestic touch between us. Oh, the joy of being thought something more than a fountain pen. Do you think the wives of these men would be happy if they knew how utterly their Johns were at the mercy of 'little pieces of fluff?' I will never marry a man who has half a dozen of the most charming to amuse him all day, and only one, however charming she may be, to dance attendance on him at night."

Jenny seems logical to the "femininth degree." Her words show that even the fluffy little typist, with her unwrinkled brow and dainty ankles, has a grouse with which to qualify for a place on John Wilson's pedestal of civilisation. It is doubtful whether she and Progress will ever have much in common, but if we are to praise progress we might as well have beauty there so the proceedings won't be altogether a waste of time.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

1. Assuming too much.
2. Cauterise.
3. Full-blooded or plethoric.
4. Take the girl out of the river.
5. Dark, viscid substance.
6. Incompatible with silence.
7. Man with this may be dangerous.
8. Rear toy dog (anagram).
9. Wipe out.
10. Units (abbreviation).
11. Distinguished artist (initials).
12. May be a "cert" or a cut.
16. Placing on the roll-call.
20. An enclosure.
21. Mice would be as uncomfortable on this as cats on hot bricks.
23. They gather the harvest.
25. Takes warp and weft.
26. Only half a bean.
28. A juggler's word.
29. These aspects may be lunar.
31. Uncle Tom was one.
32. Penny-in-slot possibly.
33. This should enable you to find the girl (hidden).
36. Oddly enough it would be contradictory if one were so.
39. One of several up-ended in 12.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Arranging in classes.
8. Subjects or objects of affection.
13. Of actual existence.
14. Possibly that part of us which others see.
15. Wrath in a wanderer.
17. Two-thirds of 39.
18. You may not care this much.
19. An instrument.
20. Tittle-tattle.
22. Must be a fulcrum for this.
24. Bail I may need if it is not properly arranged.
27. Opening time of 9.
28. Go-getters are endowed with this.
30. Ninth day before the ides.
31. To talk superficially.
34. There should be to every man ten (hidden).
35. Aid to speech.
37. Aim to vet (anagram).
38. Scrapes harshly.
40. Categorical negative.
41. A 36 result.
42. They may produce plans.
43. Cain and Abel, for instance.

M	I	S	D	E	M	E	A	N	O	U	R	S
A	S	P	I	R	A	T	I	O	N	■	T	E
L	L	A	N	■	L	O	R	D	L	Y	■	R
C	E	R	T	A	I	N	■	E	Y	E	W	A
S	O	K	I	C	I	S	■	W	H	I	T	E
N	■	S	A	M	I	A	N	■	S	I	N	E
S	T	■	N	E	O	N	■	P	M	■	R	P
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S	E	■	N	O	R	E	■	S	O	■	T	R
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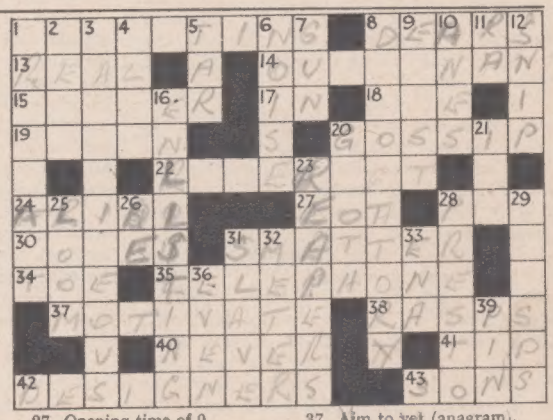
Solution to last week's puzzle



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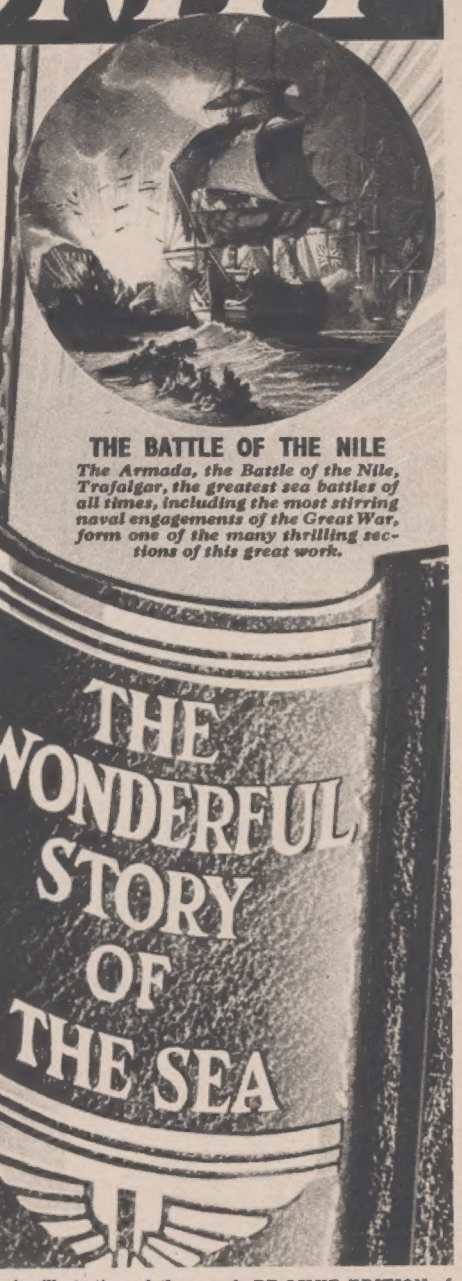

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